This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07486017 6

1 Romances, English — Early
Warwick

NCL

Henry Duyckinck

THE

HISTORY

OF

Guy Earl of Warwick.

***Statue of Guy*, in the Chapel at Guy's Cliff.**

THE NOBLE AND RENOWNED

HISTORY

OF

Guy Earl of Warwick.

CONTAINING

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF

HIS MANY FAMOUS AND VALIANT ACTIONS,

Remarkable and brave Exploits,

AND

NOBLE AND RENOWNED VICTORIES.

Chiswick:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM;
FOR JOHN MERRIDEW, WARWICK;
SOLD BY MERRIDEW AND SON, COVENTRY;
LONGMAN AND CO.; HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.; AND
RODWELL AND MARTIN, LONDON;
AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1821.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is hoped that little apology will be necessary for presenting to the reader, in its present form, the popular History of Guy Earl of Warwick. That the relation of this memorable champion's feats has been read with interest is evinced by the almost innumerable editions which have been given to the public; but all, those of later years at least, have been published in a manner so little inviting to a reader, and so incorrectly, that it is presumed the present edition will not be generally unacceptable. The Editor flatters himself that the execution of this reprint will be self recommended; he can vouch for the accuracy of the text, and the correct engraving of the statue, as it now appears in the chapel of *Guy's Cliff*.

Warwick, 1821.

THE

HISTORY

OF

Guy Earl of Warwick.

CHAPTER I.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PARENTS, BIRTH, AND YOUTHFUL EXPLOITS; AND HOW HE FELL IN LOVE WITH EARL ROBAND'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, WHO DESPISED HIS SUIT.

I SHALL not trouble the reader with a long genealogy of the descent of our famous Guy of Warwick (the subject of our ensuing history); it shall therefore suffice to tell the reader, that in the sixth year of the reign of King Edgar the Great, this, our famous Guy, was born in the city of Warwick. His father was a gentleman of Northumberland, in which country he had been (in the time of the Mercian kings) the possessor of a fair estate: but *the arms of King* Edgar prevailing over the king

of Mercia, as well as the rest of the Saxon kings that constituted the heptarchy, Guyraldus Cassibilanus (for that was the name of Guy's father), being engaged on the behalf of the king of Mercia, whose subject he was, lost his estate in the quarrel: and afterwards seeking to mend his fortune in our most southern climates, he came to Warwick, and was so well received of the gentry there, but especially of Earl Roband, who was then the king's governor, both of the town and castle, that he made him his steward; in which place he so well acquitted himself, that he married the daughter of an eminent knight in that town; and by her he had a son, who at his very birth looked like a hero, and whom his father named Guy, and who, in process of time, became Earl of Warwick, whose life and noble actions are the subject of our present history. There were not wanting some presages of his future greatness, even before he was born; particularly, his mother, during her pregnancy, dreamed that she saw Mars descend in a bloody chariot, drawn by two fiery dragons; and telling her, "That the infant contained in her womb, should so excel in arms, that he should be the glory of this nation, and the terror of the Pagan world:" which dream she discovered to the Countess of Warwick, above a *month before* she was delivered of him. And

indeed, being born, he gave early proofs of his being an extraordinary man; for he was scarce come to be eight years old, before he gave the world some early prognostics of his great strength and martial genius, by beginning to practise running, wrestling, throwing stones, and other exercises, even above what his young years were capable of; exceeding those that were both older and bigger than himself; and for which he was observed by all spectators. And as he grew more towards maturity, he delighted in hardships, and such exercises as required both strength and labour; so that at sixteen there were but few that durst encounter with him; for then he would use to enter the lists, and always came off victorious. Which coming to Earl Roband's ear, he sent for him, and entertained him at dinner with himself, and several of the gentry of the country, who were very well pleased with his conversation; after which he played several prizes before the earl, carrying the day, whatever he played with.

But by being at the earl's house, he came to have a sight of fair Phælice, his beautiful daughter, with whom he was so extremely taken, that nothing but she could satisfy him. She was indeed so fair, that she could not be seen, without being loved. She was so fair, Venus herself could never boast more beauty; and had she but been

present at the famous contest between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, about the golden apple, on which was writ, *Let it be given to the fairest*, she had certainly borne away the prize from them all. And some have affirmed, that all the odds between Venus and her was, that Venus had a mole, and she had none: for she had most directly Venus's hair, the same high forehead and attractive eyes: the roses and the lilies in her cheeks were mixed with that equality, that none could say which of them had the ascendant; her lips were of a perfect coral dye, nor could the ivory match her teeth for whiteness. She was indeed from head to foot the mirror of all comeliness, an English phenix, the only supreme fair; of whom it was the general opinion, beauty could no where but in Phælice's face be found in its perfection; but these perfections were so many daggers, sticking poor Guy to the heart; for he imagined these charming looks of hers did unto him dart nothing but disdain; and that which his eyes looked on with delight, did nothing else but fill his heart with pain. One while her smiles gave him encouragement; another time the sternness of her looks tossed him upon the billows of despair. He would often sigh at the capriciousness of fortune, that she should deal so very strangely by *him, to give* a wound that beauty would not heal.

Then, recollecting himself, he would say, "Fond man, why will not beauty heal thy wound? Thou wrongest thyself and thy fair goddess too, for who can know a woman's heart by her looks? And looking on her is all that thou hast done. Well, now I will take a course shall be more resolute: I will speak, or let her know my mind by writing. But if I should, can I have any hopes that she should hear my words, or read my lines? She is Earl Roband's heir, and born too high to listen to such poor designs as mine. For, though I am a gentleman by birth, yet I have no earldoms, nor lordships neither; and women are exceedingly ambitious, and mounting up upon the wings of pride, do oftener match themselves for worldly treasure, than for that sacred love that is far more precious; which makes some rather wish there were no gold, than love should be so basely sold for it. And if my Phælice should be such a one, what will my words, or tears, or sighs prevail? I only strive against the wind and tide, and heap continual torments on my soul. Why should I then attempt with waxen wings to fly where Phœbus's chariot burns so brightly? But hold," said he again, "thou timorous lover, and banish fear, or let thy passion go: be resolute, and thou shalt have success; for Phælice, doubtless, has a tender heart; and he that shoots Love's darts may well

befriend thee, because thy love is so like his mother's picture. I am resolved to go to Phælice's bower, and from as true a heart as flesh can yield, entreat her in a happy hour to hear me, and with kind pity to remove my sorrows; to look upon me with a tender breast, since as her love is inclined, I hold my life."

This said, he unto Warwick castle goes, where the rich jewel of his heart remained. Earl Roband bids him welcome, and prepares to entertain him with a match at hunting, but he to that lends an unwilling ear, and to prevent it pretends sudden sickness. The earl was grieved at this alteration, and sent his own physician to him, who told him, that the only remedy consisted in his being presently let blood, and that his body under that distemper was very difficult and hard to cure.

To which Guy thus replied, "Doctor, I do applaud your judgment, and know full well that what you say is true. I find myself exceeding ill. But there is a flower, which, if I might but touch, would heal me better far than all the skill of Galen and Hippocrates to boot: it is called by a pretty pleasing name, and I think Phælix soundeth something like it."

"I know it not," replied the doctor to him, "nor is there in the herbal any flower that beareth *such a name*, as I remember."

"Yes, yes," said Guy, "I am sure there is such a flower, and that it is to be got within this castle; nor doth it grow far off from yonder tower. But, doctor, I can find it out myself, and therefore will not give you so much trouble." On which the doctor left him. Whilst Guy, bemoaning his unhappy state, sat sighing by a window all alone, which window had a very curious prospect into a pleasant and delightful garden; in which, as suddenly he cast his eye, he saw the adored empress of his thoughts, which did so much exhilarate his soul, that he despised physicians and their potions. Fear now was banished, and Hope reigned as king. "This is a lucky time," said Guy to himself, "which I so long have waited for. Now the bright sun of fortune shines upon me. Now may I end the grief that Love began, and court my Destiny while thus she smiles. Now I will enter into yonder shade to court the only paragon of beauty. Phælice, I come: now Cupid, now assist me: prepare an arrow ready for thy bow, and send it to the heart of her I love. And since I never went a wooing yet, be now propitious to me. Give such prevailing rhetoric to my tongue, that Phælice's heart may hang upon my lips. But above all, grant this, O gentle Cupid, that when I make most solemn pro-

testations of my sincere and ever constant love, she may believe my words."

Then down with speed he goes unto the garden, where softly knocking, he was soon let in by a young maid that waited upon Phælice; who seeing him, and thinking he had been sent thither by her father, as he was coming towards her, rose up to meet him; whom Guy, with Love's enchanting eye beholding, with a becoming mien, accosts her thus:

"Fairest of all the curious works of nature, whose equal never breathed in common air, more wonderful than any earth can yield, the bright idea of celestial beauty. Eternal honour wait upon thy name. The suit I have to thee is much like that which once Leander came to Hero with, hoping thereby to reap more lovely fruit than ever Mars gained from the queen of Love, when he outwitted Vulcan. The present which I bring, is a heart filled with love, and love can only satisfy my soul. Incline then, madam, to my humble motion: compassionate the griefs that I endure, and let that life that rests at your devotion be regarded. With pity take my dying heart in cure, and let it not expire in groaning torments, nor burst with griefs, because too well it loves thee. I know, dear Phælice, that great princes love

thee, and deeds of honour for thy sake have done. But neither king nor prince can love thee more, no, nor so much as I, though but the son of thy great father's steward; for so inestimable is my love, that whatsoever all others shall pretend, can never countervail it."

Whilst thus poor Guy was making protestations, Phælice thus interrupted him:

"O gentle youth, speak not of love, I pray thee, for that is a thing I have no mind to hear of: virginity with me shall live and die. Love is composed of play and idleness, and leadeth only unto vain delight. Besides, it is in thee too great a boldness, for thou art far inferior to my degree: and should thy love be to my father told, I know it would procure thee a reproof. And therefore learn instruction from the proverb, *That princely eagles scorn to catch at flies.* Then, if thou in thy suit wouldst have success, let thy desires be equal to thy fortune, and aim not at those things that are above it. Thou ownest thyself, princes have courted me; then why should I, that have refused their courtship, stoop down so low as to my father's steward; nay, lower yet, unto his steward's son? My youth and beauty is but in its bloom, and I have no mind to throw it away on one that is so much inferior to me." And with

this answer she departed from him, leaving poor Guy more troubled now than ever: for now, grown almost hopeless in his love, he never does expect its comforts more.

But all his time he does to sorrow give,
Wishing each day the last that he may live.

CHAP. II.

HOW GUY, AFTER HIS BEING DESPISED BY PHÆLICE, GREW ALMOST DISTRACTED, TILL SHE, BEING ADMONISHED BY A VISION, SHOWS HERSELF MORE FAVOURABLE TO HIM.

LOADED with grief, poor Guy could take no rest, distracted in his melancholy mind, refusing all things that delightful seemed, as harsh, distasteful, and abhorred by him. Phælice denies him love, and slights his suit; and then what comfort can the world afford him? He looks like one, whom fate had doomed to death. And like Orestes, in his frantic fits, he tears the golden tresses from his head; or mad Orlando, when of sense deprived, from whom the use of reason is departed: so fares it with this love-tormented man, whose ranging thoughts run all into disorder. Society he shuns, and keeps alone, accusing Destiny, and cursing Beauty. He is a friend to none, but hates himself beyond the bounds of nature and of love. "Venus," cries he, "how are thy laws forgot, to punish him who never did offend thee? what is the cause that I am thus rejected? who interrupts my love to Beauty's mirror? I will drag him hence to roaring Erebus, there to be plagued

with never ceasing tortures. I will to the court of Jove, where my loud shouts shall, with their clamour, rend the very skies. Shall I be cozened, as Orpheus was? Assist me, Theseus, to revenge this wrong. Where is Rhadamant, that Justice cannot pass? Eurydice even for a song is sold: fiends, furies, goblins, hydras, for a fall I am prepared to manage every one of you. I will mount upon the back of Pegasus, and in bright Phœbus's flames I will wrap myself. Then will I tumble windy Æolus to sleep in Thetis's watery crystal lap. From thence I will post unto the torrid zone, to find which way fair Phælice's love is fled. Jason had luck to win the golden fleece: I like the skin, but care not for the horns. Fair Helen was a wanton Grecian wench. Bold Mars will venture; Venus cannot help it. Trust a fair face! not I; let him that list. What is Hercules without a club in his hand?"

Thus of his senses was poor Guy deprived; thus did he rave and say he knew not what, being left by Love as blind as Cupid's eyes, till reason reassumed her rule again, and wild disordered passions ceased to tyrannize: for in nocturnal visions Phælice saw the power of Love, and gave to Guy her heart.

When Morpheus, drowsy serjeant of the night, *had with his* leaden key locked up the sense, and

laid on Phælice's eyes his sable mace, the heart-tormentor Cupid, he that wounds, and makes poor lovers buy their bargains dear, sends from his bow a golden-headed shaft, and wounded Phælice in her maiden bed; and to her sight presents a martial man, in armour clad, and fit for all encounters. "Give him thy heart," said he, "for he deserves it. For comely shape and limbs, courage, and valour, the world hath not a champion that is like him. Great honour, lady, thou shalt thereby gain, to adorn thy birth, that is noble and renowned. He shall aspire to such a height of fame, that kings and princes shall his friendship covet. He shall the glory of his country be, and by the sword perform such wondrous things, that kings shall court him to become their champion. Be not ambitious then that thou art high born, nor be disdainful of a mean estate. Be not defiled then with a scornful soul, nor lifted up, because Heaven has made thee fair! for it is in vain against my bow to strive. If I say love, it must and shall be so. Fix not thy thoughts then upon worldly wealth, for coin has no affinity to love, although by stealth it draws away the heart. Nor can these money matches ever be happy; for as the goods of fortune do decay, so does that Love which they beget consume. I know the sway that golden treasures bear, by

false illusions, and by base deceits, and see how women's humours nowadays run after riches to their own confusion. I see that every abject country peasant, with gold enough, can buy a dainty wife. But, Phælice, if thou knewest as well as I, how much displeased Heaven is at such abuses, thou wouldst scorn that ever virgins should be sold for gold and silver, as your cattle are. Love must be simple, harmless, plain, and pure, and grounded upon sincere affection; and it must likewise be reciprocal, or else it is not as it ought to be. Love's inward thoughts too, must in outward deeds (such as from sacred truth proceed) concur. Thy lover comes not for advancement to thee, because thy father is a worthy earl; nor for Arabian spice, nor Indian gems; but as great Jupiter to Leda came, it is only to enjoy thy love and beauty. Therefore, sweet virgin, use him well and kindly; make much of him, embrace him for thy own, and let him in thy heart have a chief place: let him no longer for thee moan and grieve, but when thou seest him next, give him encouragement; and in the arms of thy affection let him be embraced. And with that word *embraced*, he shot and hit the very centre of her tender heart. Feeling the wound, she starts, and then awaked, being thereby taught to pity smarting lovers; for Cupid to the head his arrow drew,

because he would be sure it should hit home. With that she fetched a very grievous sigh, and from her eyes a shower of tears did fall. "Where is," quoth she, "the gentle love-god gone, whose power I find so powerful over all? Oh! call him back, my fault I do confess; I have in love been too, too void of pity. Sweet boy, solicit for me to thy mother; for at her altars now will I sacrifice; and from henceforth no other I will adore. No goddess in my ears shall gracious be, but she who hath the all-subduing power of conquering with delight obdurate hearts. Compassion now hath worthy conquest made of that strong fort that did resistance make. To make a league, one shaft had been sufficient; a league for life, a truce that lasts till death.

Guy, more than life, prefers his Phælice's love: Phælice loves him as dear as he doth her; but it is, alas, to him as yet unknown, though he made his apparent long before; that now she is his, he does not yet understand; his wound still bleeds, and there is no salve applied: till forced by his passion, and the pain he feels, he boldly thus his second suit begins:

"Phælice, I have been long ago arraigned, and now I from your hand expect my judgment. I have been prisoner in a gaol of woe, so long that *now* I do demand my sentence. O, speak

unto me either life or death, for I am quite grown weary of my life. In that fair form of thine, if kindness dwell, express it with, *I love;* if none there be, then say, *I cannot unto love incline.* Thus thou with me mayst make a quick dispatch. Let then thy frowns or smiles declare my fate. For, for this kingdom's crown, I would not long endure these racking pains that now I undergo."

Phælice replied, "It is not at my dispose for to yield to love without my friends' consent, for then I should be guilty of the crime of being disobedient to my parents. You know my father's greatness in the land, and if he should (as probably he will) refuse the love of one he thinks too mean, how could we bear the stroke disgrace would strike? No remedy but death could ease my sorrow, and shame would soon become my winding-sheet."

"O doubt not of your father in this case," replied Guy, "for Warwick's noble earl shall see such deeds of valour done by me, he neither will, nor can deny the match. Enjoin me what adventures thou thinkest fit, that wounds and scars may let my body blood."

"Why then," quoth Phælice, "make thy valour shine throughout the world as glorious as the sun; and I will to thee give my heart, sou' *and life, and* which shall crown the rest

truest love: let deeds of honour by thy hands be done; and by a martial life enhance thy fame; and for a recompense of all thy toil, take Phælice for thy true and lawful wife."

"To gain thy love," said Guy, "I ask no more, and shall esteem it bought at an easy rate. O that I were at work, my task to prove with some such churlish man as Hercules.

"Phælice, this kiss is all that now I crave,
And till I have purchased fame, no more I'll have."

CHAP. III.

HOW GUY, TAKING LEAVE OF PHÆLICE, TOOK SHIPPING FOR FRANCE, AND LANDED IN NORMANDY, WHERE HE FOUGHT WITH THREE CHAMPIONS, DELIVERING A FAIR LADY WHO WAS CONDEMNED TO DIE.

GUY, now by Phælice freed from Sorrow's thrall, arms his great thoughts with Honour's enterprise, and so embarking, sails away for France, leaving behind him England, and his joy. He seeks for enemies, he longs for foes, and desires nothing more than a fair opportunity to signalize the glory of his arms. And being safe arrived in Normandy, and having escaped the fury of a storm, Guy and the captain of the vessel both went ashore, and there refreshed themselves; but they had not long been there, before their ears were deafened with the loud shouts of a multitude of people, and with the louder noise of drums and trumpets; this warlike noise extremely pleased our Guy, for now he thought there would be work for him, who wanted nothing more than some encounter. Therefore inquiring of his host the cause of those loud noises that he heard *without, he* told him, "That a beautiful young

lady, whose name was called Dorinda, having been ravished by the Duke of Blois's son, and charged him with the crime, she was committed by the duke his father unto prison, as one that had accused him falsely of the crime; and that three ruffians were suborned to swear she laid that crime to him on purpose to prevent his marriage with the Princess of Parma, that she might be revenged for his breach of promise made to her; which so incensed the old duke, that he condemned her to be burned, unless she had a champion to vindicate her innocence, by fighting with her three accusers. This news much pleased Guy, who was resolved to vindicate the innocent, and lay here a foundation for his future fame. So that inquiring farther into it, and finding that the cause he was about to undertake was just, he presently gave order for his horse and arms to be got ready; and so accoutring himself in his warlike habiliments, he then took his leave of his host, and also of the captain, who had in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from it: and having desired the captain (who would willingly have gone along with him) to wait for his return; he rode unto the place of combat, where he saw the lady fastened to the stake, with several friends about her, lamenting for her hard fate. *Guy scarce* had time for to take a view of her,

before those villains who had falsely accused her, entered the lists well armed and mounted, and proudly wheeling to the right and left, they made a stand; one of them demanding in a very haughty manner, whether any there present durst enter the lists to vindicate the innocence of that condemned criminal: "Let him come forth, and I shall soon," said he, "make him repent his rash and unadvised undertaking." This set Guy all on fire, who thereupon entering the lists, rode up, and said, "Yes, here is a man, thou perjured villain, that dares to vindicate a wronged lady's honour; and know, that I so little fear you, that I will revenge her quarrel, not singly, with one only, but with you all together; that so the matter may be the sooner ended." This speech of Guy's so much enraged his adversary, that giving order for the trumpets sounding, both couched their spears, and so encountered each other, and with so much fury, that the earth trembled under them; but Guy had so much the advantage, that coming with his spear directly on his adversary's breast, he found a passage through it to his heart, so that he straight fell down, and with one groan expired.

The remaining combatants, vowing revenge for their companion's death, charged both with desperate fury upon Guy, who thereupon drew out

his massy and well tempered blade, and brandishing it in his hand, soon made them feel it was like the sword of fate, which there was no withstanding; so that one falling dead by his companion, and the other being wounded, begged on his knees that life he had so justly forfeited; which, that he might more easily obtain, he made a free confession of his crime, and showed how they had all been hired to accuse the lady, by Philbertus, the duke's son, who really was guilty; and for a thousand crowns had hired them all to bear false witness for him, against that lady whom he had abused.

This full discovery caused through all the field an universal shout; each magnifying the valour and generosity of Guy; and we may be assured the lady was not behindhand in sounding out the praise of her deliverer; but who this generous stranger was, was what all wished to know, but none could tell. When he alighted and unbound her, she joyfully embraced his knees, imploring of a thousand blessings on his head, offering what rewards he pleased to have: but he refused them all, telling her, "What he did was out of love to virtue and to honour. But wished her to take care of her own safety, by timely getting out of the duke's power, lest he should use some other *means to* take away her life." So bidding her

farewell, he rode back to the ship, and there related to the captain what befell him, who with no little joy heard the relation. Yet after some consideration, it was judged best to stay no longer in that harbour; and so they weighed their anchors, and sailed out to sea.

Thus did brave Guy a treble victory win,
Or else the lady in bad plight had been.

CHAP. IV.

HOW PHILBERTUS, THE DUKE OF BLOIS'S SON, HEARING WHAT GUY HAD DONE, FOLLOWED HIM TO THE SEA, WHERE A DREADFUL FIGHT HAPPENED BETWEEN THEM, IN WHICH PHILBERTUS AND HIS MEN WERE TAKEN PRISONERS.

As much haste as Guy and the captain made to get out of the harbour, yet they were not got altogether out of danger; for Philbertus being informed that one Guy, a native of England, had not only overcome his knights of the post, but that his villany was also thereby discovered, and the injured lady freed and got out of his reach; it made his anger boil up to the utmost pitch of rage, threatening to wreak his malice on the head of Guy, for doing him so great an injury; and therefore he secretly armed sixty of his servants and his attendants, and with them made all the haste imaginable to the port where he had information Guy's ship lay, thinking to surprise him and the lady there together. But finding himself disappointed, and that Guy had set sail three hours before his coming, his disappointment made his rage boil higher, especially believing Guy fled

for fear of him, and that he was also conveying the lady away with him. Whereupon going on board a stout vessel that lay in that harbour, he commanded them to weigh anchor, and make all the sail they could after the English ship, which by a small boat just come into port, he was informed was sailed to the eastward. The mariners immediately got ready, and having a fair wind, and the ship being a very good sailer, in the running of a glass and an half, they came within sight of the ship wherein Guy was. No sooner was the French ship come in sight, but the mariners gave notice of it to their captain, who viewing of the ship with his prospect glass, told Guy, that he was sure they were pursued, and that the enemy being treble their number, their best way was to hoist up all their sails, and to make the best of their way; and that then, by the help of the evening, he did not doubt but to get clear of them. "Why, how many ships," said Guy, "are they that chase us?" "Why," said the captain, "I discern no more than one at present, but it is a good stout ship, and carries thrice the men on board that we do."—"Well, well," said Guy, "if that be all, be of good courage; and the first thing we do, let us tack about, and meet them like courageous Englishmen; I will bear the brunt of war myself alone. I would not for the

crown of France, I will swear it, have it reported that Guy ever fled." This speech had that effect upon the seamen, that one and all cried, "Let us engage them straight." Nor did the captain now appear less willing. And so they cried, "All hands aloft," to put them in a posture of defence; which they had no sooner done, but up the French ship comes, and grapples them; this Guy was glad to see, hoping he should be with them presently, and therefore he gave orders to let the French board them without much difficulty; who, by that means supposing they had been victorious, gave such a shout as victors do at land. This insolence made Guy so lay about him, each blow he struck had more than human force, and in a few moments all the deck was nothing but a scene of blood and slaughter; no armour was of proof against his sword, for at each blow fresh streams of blood ran down. Philbertus was amazed at the dismal sight, and wished himself in his own ship again; and ordered those few that were left alive, if possible, to get to his own ship, and then immediately ungrapple; which Guy perceiving, having cleared his deck, he soon leaped on board of the French ship, and singly there maintained a bloody fight, hewing them down with so much fury, that many of

them, to escape his sword, leaped into the sea. Philbertus seeing this, gave all the encouragement to his men that was possible; and as one now grown desperate, charged on Guy's helmet with such force, as made it sparkle fire; at which undaunted Guy returned him such a blow, as at his feet made him fall down for dead; which made the soldiers all throw down their arms, and cry aloud for quarter. And thereupon Guy, who was always merciful to conquered foes, ended the battle, commanding all his men to fight no more: in which time Philbertus came to himself again, and with a low submission, begged his life, which Guy as freely gave him. And having removed him and the rest into his own ship, set fire to that of Philbertus, and sailed on his intended voyage, coasting along the shore, until they touched upon that part of Normandy that borders upon Germany; where Guy, with an undaunted courage, landed; and there was welcomed with the pleasing news, that a great tilt and tournament was to be held for Blanch the emperor's daughter, a beautiful and an accomplished lady, who was to be the victor's prize, who thereby had a right to marry her, and to have with her a brace of greyhounds, a falcon, and a milk white steed. Upon this welcome news, Guy discharges the captain

of the vessel, leaving the prisoners with him, to dispose of at his pleasure; who putting them to their ransom, they obtained their liberty, while Guy, with eager haste, rode to his royal tilting.

And flush'd with victory already won,
Thought greater things might by him now be done.

CHAP. V.

HOW GUY TRIUMPHED OVER ALL THE GERMAN PRINCES, AND WON THE BEAUTEOUS BLANCH, THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER, AND AFTER LEAVING HER, RETURNED FOR ENGLAND.

GUY of the captain having took his leave, goeth where there was more business to be done: for hearing that there was to be a meeting of valiant knights from divers Christian lands, that did intend to run the race of valour, for which a great advantage was propounded, it was charming music to his greedy ear. The prize that drew them all unto this place, was the daughter unto the Almain emperor, fair Blanch, whose wondrous face had that attractive power, that it united all the graces in her. It was thither all the worthies posting came: who won the damsel (for so was the law) by manly courage, and victorious might, should have her mounted on a milk white steed, attended with two greyhounds and a falcon, all of the same colour (if white may be so called): this was his lot that could obtain the day, to bear away the honour, and the maid. Our English knight prepares him for the field, where kings and princes *also present* were, and dukes and earls a very

great assembly held, about that wondrous fair, and beauteous prize. Though only one must speed, and hundreds miss, yet there each man imagines Blanch his own. The spacious field wherein they were assembled, hardly afforded room for the armed knights. The golden glittering armour that was there darted the sunbeams back into the clouds. The pampered horses proudly pranced about, to hear the clangor of the trumpets sound.

A German prince of an undaunted spirit did the first onset and encounter give unto an earl, whose valour did requite him with blow for blow, as resolutely brave, till by a stroke on his head the earl received, he was unhorsed, falling on the ground for dead.

Next, Guy with courage to the prince comes forth, and fights just like another Hercules; like force he never felt before nor since; nor never was put into such hard extremes. Just where himself had laid the earl before, there down comes he, both horse and man to the ground.

Duke Otton seeing this, was in a rage, and with such wrathful humours was incensed, he vowed by heaven that nothing should appease his fury, but the death of that proud foe. "Prepare thee now," quoth he, "to breathe thy last, monster or devil, whatsoever thou be." They join

together in a dreadful fight, the clattering armour sounds, the splinters fly, and the ascending dust will not let them see: their blood allays it, streaming from their wounds. Both their swords break; they alight, and with main force Guy threw the duke to the ground, that his bones did crack.

Duke Rainer would revenge his cousin then, and for the encounter next of all prepares: "I see," quoth Guy, "that you are less than men, that with a blow or fall are vexed so soon. But come and welcome, I am ready for you. We say in England, *the weakest must go to the wall.*" Then they together rushed, and shook the ground, whilst animating trumpets sound the alarm. In Rainer's shoulder Guy made such a wound, that he soon lost the use of his right arm; who thereupon yielded himself as vanquished.

Then, for a while, all stood amazed at Guy, none being forward to encounter him, till Lovain's duke resolved to try his fortune, having good hope that he might better speed. Then sitting fair on a proud steed that ill endured the bit, well mounted and well armed, "I think," quoth he, "thou some enchanter art, that in thine arm the force of magic hast." "I will teach thee to believe ere I have done," quoth Guy, "for thou shalt feel that I can charm. I will conjure with no other spell but iron, by which I will send thee

unto heaven or to hell." With that he gave him such a cruel stroke, that he could but a weak reply return: then with a second and a third he broke his helmet. With that, "Hold, hold," cried he, "I have enough, I will rather yield than die. Let them fight for a woman that desire it; I think the devil scarce can deal with thee."

Then not a man more would encounter him, they all were terrified, and stood in fear, and against Guy were all filled with rage: "What," said they, "shall a stranger bear the honour of this great day? what cursed fortune is this, that he should have the glory of thē field?" Amongst themselves they cursed his happiness, and could have killed him, but that no man dared put his own life in hazard by so doing. If wishes might have done it, he had died; but there was no man durst attempt to fight him.

The emperor then sent a knight for Guy, and asked his name, and of his birth and country, which he told him. "Then," said his majesty, "I must commend thy haughty courage, resolutely bold: brave Englishman, thou art thy country's pride: in Europe lives not such another man. I do admire thy worth, great is thy valour; my tongue cannot suffice to speak thy praise. Ascend to honour's just deserved seat, thou art a second Hector in mine eyes. This day thy wor-

thy hand has showed me more than in my life before I ever saw. Come and receive thy due desert of me; my daughter's love is free at thy dispose; the greyhounds, steed, and falcon, take unto thee; thy worthiness does merit more than these: hold, here is a jewel, wear it for my sake, which shall be as a witness of my love."

Guy thanked his highness for his gracious favours, and vowed him service whilst his life did last. Then to the princess, with a mild behaviour, he cast a reverent, humble, modest look, saying, "Fair lady, fortune is my friend, that such a beauty to my lot is given. Madam, accept your loyal English knight, to do you service when you shall command it; who, while he hath a drop of blood to spend, will sacrifice it all on your behalf, against whosoever shall dare to contradict you. Too high it is for me to be your husband; it is enough to be your servant Guy. In England doth my marriage-love remain, to whom I must and will be true for ever; about whose face, such pains hath nature took, I durst have sworn, flesh never could have matched it. But now I find, and ever shall acknowledge it, there is a phœnix in the world besides her, and that is yourself: and I dare all mankind to say one tittle that shall contradict it; but which is fairest there is no eye can tell; no human judgment in the world can

try it, or positively say which hath most beauty, Blanch or my fair bride. I dare be bold to call your beauties twins; and that compared unto either of you, Venus herself was but a black moor. Oh Phælice! here is thy picture in this princess. Methinks thou art present in her lovely looks. Thou that of my soul's faculties art mistress, recorded in Time's brazen-leafed book, if I to thee prove false, even in thought, and much more in my actions, Jove's fearful vengeance light upon my head."

Quoth Blanch, "Thy constancy," and then she sighed, "is highly to be praised, and thou applauded. He that Love's promise will not faithful keep, in horrors and in torments let him dwell. But I suppose thy vows are yet unmade, and so what thy sword won, thy heart may take."

"Madam," said Guy, "what I avouch is true, and I dare call even Heaven to witness it: my protestations are above the skies; and he who made them, knows I speak the truth. Madam, the sun declines, and the day grows ancient, I will therefore humbly take my leave of you, for now my body is to repose inclined, although my troubled mind can take no rest; my restless mind is now in Warwick castle, although my body be in Normandy. Here I make others bend, but there I bow, and lie as low as the humble ground;

even at Love's feet to the ground I cast myself. Though victory my temples here have crowned, I cannot stay, I must to England back. My mind misgives me that Phælice is not well. Like my sad thoughts, my armour shall be black, and in a mournful iron shell it will suit me. For where the mind suspicious cares does meet with, distrust is ever dealing doubtful snares. Yet I have much good fortune on my side, that know the means how to attain my bliss; for Phælice ties her love to my conditions, and she for this, I trust, will be my own. By this she may, but if she more request, there is nothing in the world that I will deny her."

With hasty journey therefore home he goes, leaving the vulgar unto nine days wonder. And being safe arrived on English ground, he unto Phælice posted; for too long he thought each minute that he stayed away. And coming to her presence, he beholds her with greater joy, and with more cheerful looks than pen can write, or can by tongue be told.

What tongue can tell, what pen can write, how sweet
Are absent lovers' joys when once they meet.

CHAP. VI.

HOW GUY RETURNING TO WARWICK WAS RECEIVED BY PHÆLICE; BY WHOM HE WAS SENT FORTH AGAIN TO SEEK NEW ADVENTURES; BUT BEFORE HE WENT DESTROYED A MONSTROUS DUN COW UPON DUNSMORE HEATH.

PHÆLICE having received the news of Guy's arival upon the English shore, and of the mighty ame he had acquired, by all the warlike deeds his ands had done, expected soon to see him at her ather's castle, preparing to receive him according o his worth, and to the great affection she had or him. Nor did her expectations fail her, for Guy made all the haste a man could make, to lay he prize of all his glorious conquests at her feet. Vhere being come, after salutes, and mutual mbraces, Guy thus bespoke her:

"Fair foe," said he, "I come to challenge hee; for there is no man that I can meet will ght me. I have been where a crew of cowards re, but none that dare maintain the right of ladies; ood, proper, and well spoken men, indeed, but et me win a princess from them all. Phælice, his sword hath won an emperor's daughter, as weet a wench as any lives in all Europe. I

bought her at the price of blood and wounds; well worth my bargain: but thy better face hath made me leave her to some other's lot; for, I protest, by Heaven, I could not love her. This stately steed, this falcon, and these hounds I took, as in full payment of the rest; for I have always kept my love to thee enclosed within the centre of my heart. My constancy to thee I have still preserved, leaving all other women as they are. But say, my Phælice, shall I now obtain thee? wilt thou consent that Hymen tie our hands? art thou resolved to keep still to thy vow, that none but I shall ever have thy heart? canst thou forsake the world, change thy condition, and now become thy true and faithful lover's wife?"

To whom fair Phælice thus replied again: "Know, worthy knight, my joys have been enlarged at the report of thy great deeds abroad: some were, I hear, in such a bloody sweat, their valour, fame, and reputation bleeds. Therefore, my Guy, I give thee humble thanks, that thou for me so much didst undergo, and for my sake such hard adventures made. To win a princess, was a precious prize: but sure, methinks, if I Sir Guy had been, she greater favour from me should have found, than take a horse, and turn a lady by. What! is a horse, a falcon, and a hound more worthy than so beautiful a lady? Perhaps you

will say, it was done for love of me; I do imagine, nay, believe it is: and though I jest, I will do more for thee, than thou, or any but myself doth know; I will never marry while life's glass doth run, but only to thyself. But, give me leave, my love, to speak my mind; let me lock up my secrets in thy breast. I had a vision did affection move; Cupid came to me, whilst I slumbering lay, and in my mother's name commanded me to love thee. And whilst he was to this persuading me, an armed man just as I see thee now, he set before my eyes, and thus he spake: 'Phælice, be gentle hearted, bow and yield, and do not the sovereign power of love oppose; but all thy loyalty, thy truth, and thy love, bestow them freely on this matchless youth: throughout the world his fame admired shall be; and mighty men shall tremble at his wrath; to end the quarrels of great kings shall he be often courted. His worthiness no common path shall tread; but actions to be feared he shall effect, and to pass bring things of the greatest moment.' This, in effect, he did to me relate, and to his will I have obedient been. Now how to hate thee if I would, I know not: for I have of perfect kindness learned the skill. Believe me, Guy, for if it were not thus, this secret of my heart thou shouldst not know. But now, my love, before thou dost pos-

sess thy constant Phælice in her marriage bed, thou must far greater and more worthy deeds perform than what thou hast already done: the winning of a lady and her steed, are but small things to what thou yet must do. I will ever love thee, though thou never dost more, but cannot grant the use of love till then."

Quoth Guy, "Not grant the use of love, fair Phælice! then I perceive, I must again go travel, and see what fate has for me still to do. I will content thee, love, one way or other, and either slay, or else be slain myself, ere I into this realm again return; and thou confess I have thy dream fulfilled. Assist me, Heaven, as I sincerely mean, for I protest by all the powers above, no unjust quarrel ever shall make me fight, nor yet to wrong the wronged will I ever incline: for those that by oppression fall, I will stand; in honour's cause my life I will freely venture. Come, my Bellona, my sword do thou girt on, and in thy ivory arms embrace my armour, and such kind kisses as thou canst afford bestow upon me in the stead of charms. Upon Ulysses's loving wife I think, and how thou now her life doth imitate. Farewell, my Phælice, health and happiness attend thee to thy heart's desire for ever; and like success I beseech God to grant me, as I my love to thee shall keep entire. When war's stern looks abroad

I have performed, at my return Hymen will make amends."

Unto Earl Roband next does Guy repair, and tells him, he is come to take his leave; for he must go where honour finds him work, and there receive the just rewards of virtue. "At home, my honourable lord," said he, "I find that valour has no stage for action, I will therefore search what is to be done abroad; from kingdom to kingdom I will go, and find out work, for no good comes of idleness; it only bringeth men up to sloth and cowardice, and I hate cowards as I hate the devil."

To which the earl returned, "Dear Guy, thou makest me grieve at this sad news; and more because thou hast disappointed me. The news is more than I can well endure. I hoped I should enjoy thy wished for company, and thou wouldst go no more abroad; and now thou speakest of new adventures. O! change thy mind, brave Guy, and stay with me; no longer trust to fortune's treacherous smiles; though now she hath so kindly dealt with thee, yet she may leave thee to an unlucky hour, and turn her many favours into frowns. O! do not overrashly hazard thy glory: lost honour is not easily got again."

To this Guy answered thus, "My noble lord, that man of dangers must not be afraid, that to

adventures doth himself dispose, but must supported be with resolution, and for his foes still think himself too good. I will never fear I shall be overcome, whilst I have hands to fight, or legs to stand. Therefore I will leave your honour, wishing all health unto your happy state. If fortune means to frown, yet she shall see that I will disdain her hate. What star soever swayed when I was born, I have a mind will laugh at all misfortunes."

The earl, perceiving him resolved to go, told him, "That he would be no hinderance to his proceedings, and only would ask one request of him before he went:" Guy told him, "Whatsoever he asked that was within his power to perform, he should not be denied." Then said the earl, it is this, "That when you are once again come safe to England, you will go abroad no more, but live at home with me." Which Guy having promised him, prepared for his departure, and soon after took his leave, going to the seaside, there to embark for France.

Being come there, and ready to embark, the wind proved contrary, and so continued for six days together; during which time fame through each corner of the land had made a mighty noise of an exceeding great and monstrous cow, lurking *within the* woods not many miles from Warwick,

making most dreadful devastations, destroying man and beast, and putting all their keepers unto flight, being so mighty strong, that it was thought not possible to destroy it; and some affirm, that she was at least four yards in height and six in length, and had a head proportionable, with two sharp horns growing direct, with eyes resembling lightning for their fierceness; and was of a dun colour, and from thence named the dun cow; and the place where she lay, being on the borders of a great heath, was from thence called Dunsmore Heath, which name it retains to this day.

Upon notice which was given to the king (who was then at York) of the havoc and slaughter which was made by this monstrous creature, he offered knighthood, and several other privileges, to any one that would undertake to destroy it. But such was the terror she had spread throughout the country, that none was found so hardy as to adventure himself on such a dangerous enterprise; and the absence of Guy (who by this time was supposed to be in France) was generally lamented; all believing he would undertake it.

Guy (who was all this while waiting for a fair wind) hearing the discourse of the country, and hating to be idle, resolved privately to go and engage with this destroyer of his country; and so taking his sword, a strong battle-axe, and his bow

and quiver with him, he rid *incognito* to the place where this monster used to lodge, which was in a great thicket of trees, which grew on the side of a heath, near a pool of standing water; finding as he rid along, the cottages and houses everywhere thereabouts deserted, and the carcasses of men and beasts lie scattered round about; which filled him with great pity and compassion for his country, and extreme resentment against that monstrous destroyer.

Being come at last within bow-shot of the place, the monster espied him, and thrusting her head through the thicket, her dreadful eyes were enough to fill any heart with terror but that of the courageous Guy, who notwithstanding her horrid roaring soon bent his bow of steel, and as he was one of the expertest archers England then could boast of, drawing his arrow to the head, let fly; which striking on the monster's hide, rebounded back as from an adamantine wall, without the least impression being made: at which, whilst Guy was in some admiration, the dreadful beast, swift as the eastern winds, came running towards him, with her sharp pointed horns, aiming directly at him, which he observing, lifted his battle-axe on high, and on the forehead struck her such a blow as made her to recoil, and roar most hideously, and yet enraged more, she came on again;

and clapping her horns upon his breast, dinted his armour, though of highest proof, before he could avoid her, but wheeling his warlike steed about, he met her again, and with redoubled strokes, gave her a desperate wound under the ear, the only place she could be wounded in so sensibly; whereat she again roared, snorted, and stamped on the ground: and by this, Guy perceiving she was mortal, followed that stroke, with others no less forcible, by which at last she fell upon the ground; and Guy, alighting from his horse, hewed her so long, till with a horrid groan she breathed her last. Then leaving her almost deluged in her own blood, he rid to the next town that was inhabited, and there made known the monster's death, to the great joy of the inhabitants: the people loaded him with presents, and honoured him with thanks; and all the country came in to see that monster dead, which when alive they stood so much afraid of.

And, though Guy thought to get away before the king had notice of it, yet fame was swifter far than Guy, and he was sent for by the king before he could get on shipboard, and so was forced to go to York; where he was no sooner arrived, but the king embraced him, and after a splendid entertainment he gave him the order of knighthood, and many rich gifts, causing one of the ribs of

the said monster to be hanged up in Warw
castle. And Guy having departed from the k
very well satisfied with his entertainment, and
wind now serving, he goes on board to seek fr
adventures in foreign lands,

Where he so many wondrous things did do,
As stagger'd faith, and nonpluss'd reason too.

CHAP. VII.

HOW GUY, WITH HERAUD AND TWO OTHER KNIGHTS, WERE ASSAULTED BY SIXTEEN VILLAINS THAT LAY IN AMBUSCADE FOR HIM IN A WOOD, WHOM HE DESTROYED; HAVING KILLED TWO, AND WOUNDED THE OTHER OF THE KNIGHTS: AND AFTERWARDS ASSISTED THE DUKE OF LOVAIN, WHO WAS BESIEGED BY THE EMPEROR, ETC.

Now Guy expects a favourable gale, and has it even to his heart's desire, and with a speedy passage doth he sail to seek new adventures once again in France, where finding none, from thence away he goes to Lovain, where the emperor besieged the duke thereof, because he had the misfortune to kill the emperor's cousin, whom he greatly loved, and therefore took his death exceeding ill; and thereupon a quarrel did arise, and wars ensued between two mighty foes. Thither goes Guy to lend the duke his aid. But in the way a plot to take his life was, by the false Duke Otton, basely laid, although it was not effected; for Guy so well about him laid, that it succeeded not: the matter was, Otton before in France by Guy disgraced, had vowed, wherever he met him he should die. And to that end, sixteen appointed

were to lie in ambush, that they might surprise him, who in a forest slily hid themselves, and on a sudden all surrounded Guy, who only was attended with three knights, and never before was Guy in like distress. But seeing how it was, "Now, friends," said he, "show yourselves right bred English gentlemen. Here is indeed some odds, sixteen to three, but I the fourth, will stand you in some stead; you three shall combat six, that is two to one, and leave the other ten alone to me." With that he drew his sword, and laid so about him, that in the air their rattling armour echoed, and down they quickly dropped on every side. Guy quickly made dispatch of his half score. But there remained half a dozen more, who had slain two of his beloved knights, which he no sooner knew, but straight he stamped upon the ground, and with a fearful tone, he uttered forth these words: "Ah, villains! how my soul abhors this sight; for these how my revengeful passions strive! this bloody deed with blood I will repay; you die, though you had each a thousand lives. Two you have slain outright, and wounded Heraud, which is the last cursed act you shall do." And then, with force almost exceeding all that human arm could ever boast, he lays upon them blows which made them reel, and quickly brought them breathless to the ground. At length, cut all

in piecemeals for the fowls: "Lie there," quoth Guy, "and feast the hungry crows, or feed the savage beast that hither come. But for these worthy gentlemen that have lost their lives in the defence of me, and for my sake left England's pleasant soil, them will I inter in honourable wise, with what solemnity the place affords, and be myself a mourner at their funeral."

From thence unto a hermit not far off he rid, and did with care that charge to him commit, who did that office carefully perform, and bare home wounded Heraud to his cell, who was not dead (though Guy supposed him slain) but quickly by the hermit was recovered.

Now forth goes Guy, sad, pensive, and perplexed, grieving that destiny had dealt so hardly, to take away his dearly beloved company, and leave him as he traveled all alone, that none could ease the torments of his mind. But in his lonely solitary travel, at last his fortune brought him to a place that was for honour very much renowned, and there he met with tilts and tournaments, which entertained him with delight and glory. And there kind fortune gave him her consent to win the prize from every valiant knight; of all the worthy men that thither came, not one could match him in Duke Reyner's court.

Then to the Duke of Milan he repairs, where

he is admired of all for his great worth; and understanding some affairs of weight fell out betwixt Duke Segwin of Lovain, and the emperor, he from the Duke of Milan went his way, and forthwith took his journey to Lovain. But as he passed through the way, he met a pilgrim that with travel seemed faint, whom he greets, and with some news, entreats him to refresh his longing ear. He with a sigh or two, said; "Sir, with news I have but little business; there is but one thing in the world I care for, and only that and nothing else I mind: I in despair do seek a man, because I have long sought, but cannot find him; a man more to me than all the men in the world beside."

"Thou speakest," said Guy, "like one that hast some gratitude. But tell me, pray, what man art thou? And what is he for whom thou hast expressed so great a kindness?"

"I am an Englishman, of knight's degree," quoth Heraud, "and the subject of my grief is the loss of one Sir Guy, my countryman."

Guy then, with tears of joy embraces him: "And art thou living, Heraud, my dear friend?" said Guy, and kindly took him in his arms. "Then here I bid my sorrows all adieu: pray, who thy wounds did cure?"

Heraud, no less surprised with joy and wonder,

to find Sir Guy his countryman again, cried out, "And have I found thee thus, my friend! my pains and travel have been well rewarded. It was the good old hermit that saved me, by the medicine he applied." Then each embraced, and both renewed their joys, at this so good and happy meeting. No angry star with inauspicious rays befell them then, but both were well content.

Then, mounting on their steeds, they bend their course, with easy pace, unto Duke Lovain's court, where they his city find in great distress, straitly besieged by the emperor's forces. But Segwin was extremely satisfied that worthy Guy was come unto his aid; "For now," quoth he, "I dare be bold to say, we have an honourable valiant man: advise me, warlike knight, what is to be done, to free me from the danger I am in?"

"My lord," quoth Guy, "great as the danger seems, myself will find a way to set you free: let us presently upon them issue forth; our courage will make the cowards fly."

"The counsel," quoth the duke, "I do approve, and to thy project give my free consent. Let life, limb, blood be lost, I will follow thee. So let all do, that come to me in love."

Then suddenly they rush out of the city, and on the Almains suddenly set; where they did such

a bloody slaughter make, that many thousand lives were soon cut off: of thirty thousand that besieged the town, there scarce was three thousand that escaped.

The emperor at this was much perplexed, but with new forces gave a fresh assault; as knowing well they could not be relieved, and so their strength must weaken by degrees. And therefore coming with a new supply, believed he in short time might famish them. Guy and the duke appear upon the walls, and tell him, "He shall never win the town, for they can spare his soldiers what provision they can desire," and so flung down abundance of victuals from the walls, and withal told them, "That if they wanted, he could spare them more." "And now," quoth Guy, "that we have fed your bodies, I hope your stomachs will be up to fight: but I am afraid you are not rightly bred, but like some dunghill cocks, will crow, and run away. But still, when cowards do a fray begin, before the battle ends, away they run, and so yourselves have lately done, we see. Your tongues we heard, but could not feel your hands; your words were hot, but actions cool enough; though, I confess, your heels are wondrous nimble. We did believe, that when you first came hither, we should have found you men of strength and courage; but having tried

you, find it is no such matter, unless you could surprise us while we sleep; for waking we will encounter one for ten, and never wish to have a better match. And if you can do better, let us see it; therefore prepare, for we will be with you presently."—And then upon their foes forthwith they flew, fighting like men that laughed pale Death to scorn; for they resolved they would their city free, or never live to see another morning. Much blood was shed, and many lives it cost; but in the end the Almains lost the day. The duke, with Guy, swiftly pursued their foes, who, like so many hares, fled away.

The victors to the city back repaired, with trophies of the glory they had gained, and all that heard the action much admired the great exploit so resolutely done. But unto Guy the duke returned his thanks; "For thou," quoth he, "art Cæsar of our field."

"My lord," quoth Guy, "I take not so much joy that I have by my sword your freedom wrought, as I should glory, if it were my hap to make the emperor and you good friends. Give me but leave, and I will do my endeavour, and put good will to a blunt soldier's wit."

The duke consented, and desires Sir Guy to take a guard of soldiers from the town.

Then Guy forthwith went to the emperor, and being by his officers conducted into his presence, he bespeaks him thus:

"All health to your imperial majesty, and peace to thee, if thou to us say peace; and love to thee, if thou wilt love embrace. As we are Christians, let us war no more, but fight against those that are foes to Heaven. We do not sue thee in a servile manner, as fearing any force or power thou hast; for victory on our side displays its banner, and to our view yields a delightful prospect; no cause doth move us but the cause of conscience, to bring the heathen to religion's law: and therefore now, most noble emperor, declare thy mind. Shall we be Christian foes, or Christian friends? shall we among ourselves divide the name, or challenge them that have that name denied?"

Guy having ended what he had to say, the emperor to him made this reply:

"Brave Englishman, hadst thou spoke thus before, thousands had lived, that now the sword has slain; but those must in the bowels of the earth remain, until the general Resurrection: but, for the future, wars betwixt us shall cease, and I will embrace thee as my friend. Thy motion, honoured knight, to honour tends, and thou shalt

live in fame's immortal praise; and when thou art buried in eternal night, thy name unto the end of days shall last."

"Come, go, great prince," quoth Guy, "into the town, and with Duke Segwin there a league renew. Our end shall be to pull down pagans, those foes to religion."

The emperor being brought by Guy into the city, the Duke of Lovain from his castle came, and after mutual salutations past, the emperor was conducted to the castle, where, by the mediation of Sir Guy, there was a league between them soon concluded, to the great joy of all the people; which was, with feasting and rejoicing, welcome on every side.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW AFTER GUY HAD MADE PEACE BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND THE DUKE OF LOVAIN, HE WAS FURNISHED WITH TWO THOUSAND MEN, AND TEN SHIPS OF WAR, FOR THE RELIEF OF BIZANTIUM; AND BEING SCATTERED FROM THE REST OF THE FLEET, IS SET UPON BY THREE PIRATES, TWO OF WHICH HE DESTROYS, AND FORCES THE THIRD TO FLY.

GUY having thus accomplished his end of making peace between two contenders, the emperor and the Duke of Lovain, they both entreat Guy to stay amongst them, to enjoy that peace he had procured. But by no means could they prevail upon him. He was for seeking out new scenes of action, but would no more employ his arms against Christians; and therefore earnestly entreated them to furnish him with forces to go against the faithless Saracens, who had broke in upon the Grecian empire, and besieged Bizantium. They both agreed, and left it to himself to take what force he thought sufficient, and they would furnish him with all things necessary for the war. Guy, after having returned thanks to both for their kind and generous offer, assured them he would so employ their forces as should

be for the honour of all Christendom. And thereupon immediately selected two thousand of the choicest soldiers present; one of the emperor's forces, and the other of them belonging to the Duke of Lovain, who with equal willingness went with him, as proud of being those whom he had chosen. Next, he embarked them on ten ships of war, and then took leave of the emperor and the duke, promising, that at his return he would present them with such trophies and evidences of his soldiers' courage as the fortune of war should yield him; and so departed with a prosperous gale.

Guy being now ploughing the briny ocean, almost a month, and meeting no adventure, thought fortune dealt a little hardly by him. But by a wind, common enough to those that sail upon the Lovain seas, disjoined from his fleet, she gave him new occasion for his valour; for he was met by three Turkish men of war (and three to one you will say is odds at football), who being of the Sallee rovers, supposed they had got a prize, as judging him a merchantman, and thereupon came boldly up, and thought straight to have boarded him; which Guy perceiving, could not choose but smile, and tell his men they had now an occasion to exercise their valour, and thereupon drew out his flaming sword, so often tried in war,

and charged on the assailing infidels with such a martial fury, that Mars himself could hardly have done more, glutting the gaping jaws of hungry Death, not only cutting down the men, but also spoiling all their shrouds and tackle; whilst valiant Heraud, and the rest remained not idle on the other side; for they having prepared hemp, tar, rosin, and other like combustible materials, set them on fire, and threw them into the Turk's ship that engaged them: this was a stratagem till then unknown; which catching hold of the decks, masts, and rigging, soon set the ship on fire, which they being utterly unable to extinguish, soon quit their flaming castle, and rather chose to perish in the ocean; which the other ships beholding, and being much surprised to meet with such resistance, now found too late they had caught a tartar, and so hoisted their sails, preparing to be gone; which one of them had the good hap to do, but Guy resolving to make sure of the other, so closely grappled with her, that he soon leaped on board her, and there made such a slaughter, that all the deck was covered with the carcasses of those that fell as victims to his sword; which so amazed the Turks, that they cried in vain to Mahomet to come and save them from those inhuman devils that assaulted them. *But although* Mahomet knew nothing of the mat-

ter, yet Guy, out of compassion, spared their lives. Then putting forty of his men on board, he sent the ship, with the remaining prisoners, to his friend the duke, as the first fruits of what his valour purchased. No sooner had this brisk engagement ended, but Guy's nine ships came up with him again, which had by reason of a fog been separated from him. And the night coming on, Guy ordered they should stand off to the south-east, for fear of running foul upon the rocks, too often met with in those parts.

No sooner was the longed for morning come, but from the main topmast, a seaman calling unto Guy, told him, he made the land; which ere the sun had run out half his race, the whole ship's crew beheld as well as he. And as unto the land they nearer drew, they could discover famed Bizantium's shore, which then was by the Turks and Saracens infested almost round. Guy thereupon ordered his forces to be landed at the next convenient harbour, and from thence sent Heraud with two other captains, to learn, if possible, how things then stood, both with respect to the besieged, and the besiegers. In five hours time Heraud returned again, and from a Turk whom they had met without, and taken prisoner, they understood the city was besieged by fifty thousand men, who were most Turks and Saracens,

and that it had been so for three months time, but that it was defended by the Christians, commanded by Albertus, a very worthy Saxon.

This news was very welcome unto Guy, who now thought he had a fair opportunity to show his valour, and serve the Christian interest, by the destruction of the infidels. And therefore he immediately dispatched Heraud his trusty friend, and one knight more, unto the Lord Albertus, to let him know that he was come from Germany, and lay ready now in such a port, with two thousand Christians under his command, ready to serve him; and if he would in the evening make a sally out at the gate that looks towards the sea, he would be ready with his men to force his way through the enemy's camp, and join him, and so come into the city to assist him.

Heraud and his companion undertook to deliver this message to Albertus; and by the help of Turkish habits, passed all the guards, without the least suspicion; and coming to the gates, declared they had a message to Albertus, and thereupon they were let in, and straight conducted to the castle, where Albertus and his chief officers were sitting in council of war, to whom after due reverence paid, they gave an account of their business; but having declared this only by word of mouth, Albertus and his officers seemed some-

what doubtful, as not knowing but it might be a stratagem, contrived by the enemy, to take the city; but when Heraud had delivered Albertus a letter under Guy's own hand, to whose great fame for martial deeds Albertus was no stranger, they quickly changed their sentiments, and treated them as they deserved, for such a welcome message, to which they gave a ready and cheerful compliance; entertaining them with all imaginable civility and kindness, promising not to fail sallying out at the time and gate appointed. Heraud and his friend returning back to Guy, acquainted him with all that passed, who being very joyful that things succeeded so well, landed his men with all imaginable silence and dexterity, drawing them up in battalia upon the shore, and giving orders to those that continued on board, to stand off at sea, till he should signify his pleasure to them to come into harbour. After which he marched towards the city with all the privacy and silence that could be. But for all his caution the enemy had perceived them and taken the alarm; so that, gathering together from all quarters, they were ready to receive him: Guy, no wit discouraged, made a short speech to his soldiers, telling them of the goodness of their cause, and the assistance they should have from their friends in the city, bid them fall on undauntedly, and the day was their

own: upon which they gave a great shout, and Guy, drawing his flaming sword, fell on his foes with such undaunted fury, that they soon bore down all that were before them; so that whereever they came, the mangled bodies of their foes overspread the crimson plain. Guy, with redoubled blows, slaughtering wherever it was he turned himself: thus the dispute continued for more than two hours' space; in which Guy had so well improved his time, that he and his small forces, with the assistance of three thousand from the city, who sallied out according to their promise, had destroyed almost thirty thousand men. So that the Pagan army, finding themselves thus worsted on all sides, retreated to their camp in much confusion; which filled the Soldan with revengeful thoughts, which he resolved forthwith to execute; and presently after gave orders to his soldiers, early next morning, to assault the city, which he supposed, wearied with the last night's fatigue, would scarce be able to make much resistance. Guy suffered their retreat that night, not thinking it convenient to pursue them, and with his soldiers entered the town, where, by Albertus and his officers, and all the citizens beside, he and his men were joyfully received, and kindly welcomed. Albertus in his arms embracing Guy, *conducted him* to his own lodgings, and kindly

thanked him for his brave assistance; then gave him a most noble treat, where they drank healths to the emperor, and all the German princes, to whom Sir Guy professed himself a subject; whom they thought happy above other princes, in having such a subject as Sir Guy. And after they had eat and drank sufficiently, they all retired to rest their weary limbs, after the great fatigue they had undergone.

Early next morning, as the Soldan ordered, the army was prepared for the assault, the drums all rattling, and the trumpets sounding; at which the army gave so great a shout, as made the hills resound the echo back, the noise whereof awaked our warlike Guy from the sweet sleep which he till then had taken; who, rising, straight ascended to the tower, and there beheld the army of the enemies, who, with their scaling ladders, were marching towards the walls. Then he instantly gave order unto Heraud to get his forces in readiness; which being done, he turned to Albertus, and bespoke him thus: "My lord, the honour of all Christendom lies now at stake, and therefore it concerns us now to make a brave defence. They intend to scale our walls; but in my opinion, we had much better meet them in their march, without the walls, than tarry for them here. Our forwardness will bring a damp upon them, and

quite confound and break their measures too: fortune does always favour bold attempts: and victory, you see, has on our side declared herself already; which will both encourage our soldiers and dishearten those of our enemies."

Albertus readily approved of what Sir Guy had said, commending his high courage, and rendering thanks to Heaven, that had sent so stout a champion to defend the town. And then, because the enemy was near, each went to their respective posts, in order to attack them: and opening the gates, all sallied out to meet them, according to the order Guy proposed; he with his Germans marching in the front. By this bold march of theirs to meet them, the enemy started, and believed they should have harder work of it than they thought of: and therefore, throwing down their scaling engines, they put themselves into battalia; which Guy perceiving, gave orders to his archers in the front to begin first, who, drawing their strong bows, poured in amongst them such a shower of arrows as almost darkened the sun itself, and, galling the Turkish horse, put them into disorder; whereupon Guy and Heraud broke into the main body, killing and wounding all that durst oppose them, still pressing them both to the right and left, with flights of arrows, *which struck* a mighty terror into the infidels. The

Bizantines, led by Albertus, and encouraged by the warlike Guy, in a short time routed the left wing of the enemy; while Guy fought the main body, hewing the Pagans down on every side, and like the hand of fate dealt death at every blow; until at last, he came to the squadron by Colbron led, one of the Pagan's generals; who being newly to the battle come, began to wonder at the mighty havoc that Guy had made in the army; and therefore, coming forwards towards Guy, he, in his haughty way, spoke to him thus: "Thou makest a show of valour, I perceive; but if thou any real valour hast, let us have a little sport between thee and I, only to see which of our swords cuts best: thou hast a weapon there that is much too small, and is, methinks, too blunt to make one bleed."—"Too blunt?" said Guy, "I tell thee, Pagan, thou shalt find it otherwise: I will whet it, ere we part, upon thy bones, and make thee quickly tell another tale. If it should fail me now, I should much wonder, for it has never failed me yet, I am sure; but often cut such lubbers down as thou art. Come, art thou ready? Bid thy friends adieu, for thou art never like to see them more." Then did they lend each other such hard blows, that sparks of fire did from their helmets fly: the numerous Pagans *round about* them flock, expecting all in

the end the death of Guy; for Colbron was nc only very strong, but had been long time cham pion to the Pagans. At length Guy gave hir such a blow, that down comes Colbron and hi strength to the ground. "Pagan," said Guy, "; my sword sharp, or no? For even now tho blamedst it as too blunt: rise up, for if tho canst not feel thy legs, off goes thy head, as sur as this is steel;" and thereupon he gave him suc a blow, as forthwith made him shorter by th head; which, when the amazed infidels behel they were with wonder all astonished; for the so confident of Colbron were, they durst hav ventured goods, and life, and limb, on any comb that by him was fought.

Then Heraud (to give Guy some breathin time) challenged a Pagan, called Elendant, an dared and defied him to his face (for valiant H raud did no courage want). The Pagan, som what hot, with fury filled, engaged Heraud, an soon was overcome, and to the lake below sei after Colbron: then Guy unto another champio goes, Morgade called, whom Guy so well b laboured, he quickly sent him after his two fe lows: the Pagans seeing thus their champio slain, forsook the field, and fled unto their cam Where when they came, they told all to the So *dan; who,* filled with rage, and cursing all h

gods, ordered his troops to rally once again; which, when they durst not do for fear of Guy, the Soldan rather than not be revenged, sent Guy a formal challenge, demanding him to fight a single combat with him; and by the event of that to end the war. Guy joyfully accepted of his terms; and all things being ready for the combat, they both met with such martial rage and fury as even made the earth itself to quake; the Soldan being prompted by despair, and Guy courageous for the Christians' honour, redoubled on him such resistless blows, as made his gilded armour soon give way; and by that means Guy quickly found a passage to his heart, which so soon as with his trusty sword he had pierced, not able longer to support himself, cursing his gods, the Soldan fell down dead. This fatal sight being seen by Eskeldort, a bloody and tyrannic Turkish prince, he straightway vowed revenge, and rides up armed to the place where Guy then stood; "Villain," quoth he, "whom like a dog I hate, I will make thee curse the time that thou wast born: know, therefore, I am come to fetch thy head; for to my mistress I have promised it. My dogs shall feed upon thy English flesh; they must devour thy body every bit. Come, I have vowed by Mahomet thou diest. Thy trusting in thy Saviour *shall* not save thee."

"And thou hast given away my head," said Guy, "unto a lady? It is a noble gift. An honest man will do what he has said, and never promise more than he designed. Come on thy ways, and take it quickly off, or else the lady will suppose you jeer her."

Then straight with disdain they rush together, laying on as hard as they could drive; but Guy's keen sword did so hew Eskeldort, that for his head he durst no longer strive; but on a sudden for to save his own, put spurs to his horse, and in all haste is gone.

After this rout, the plunder of the field was by the victors taken; and then Guy returns in warlike triumph to the city, where they received him with the greatest pomp, and truest joy, that they knew how to show; while as he rid triumphant through the streets, the people from the houses' tops and windows, threw garlands down before him, and strewed his way with flowers, echoing along the streets, "Long live brave Guy, the noble and renowned English champion, our fortunate and great deliverer:" in memory whereof, they afterwards set up his statue in the market place, which has been since destroyed by the Turks.

Guy, after this deliverance of the city, having *been treated* as he well deserved, stayed with Al-

bertus there about ten days, and then desired to return to England; and leaving half his men there, as Albertus had requested him, that to the city they might be a guard, he with the rest embarked on his ships, and, with great presents, sailed back for Germany.

Thus having wrought the Pagans' overthrow,
He made the world his worth and valour know.

CHAP. IX.

HOW GUY, BEING IN A FOREST, SEEING A LION AND A DRAGON FIGHTING, TOOK THE LION'S PART, AND KILLED THE DRAGON: ALSO HOW GUY AND HERAUD FOUND EARL TERREY WOUNDED, AND HIS LADY TAKEN FROM HIM BY SIXTEEN VILLAINS, MOST OF WHOM HE KILLED, AND RESTORED THE LADY TO HER HUSBAND.

GUY and his ships, being becalmed at sea, put into harbour to refresh themselves, where Guy and his friend Heraud went ashore; and it so happening that a pleasant forest lay bordering near the place they landed at, they entered it, and walked a little way, to see if they could light of any venison; observing, as they went, how shady trees embraced each other in their green-leafed arms, and how famed echo keeps her dwelling there, and little birds there fearless sing their notes; they chanced to find a silver streaming spring, which there they looked on as a rarity; and with those crystal streams they cooled their heats, and quenched that thirst they had so long endured; and there to satisfy their craving stomachs, they made of herbs and roots a pleasant meal: when, on a sudden, an unusual noise (which *seemed to* be at no great distance off) invades

their listening ears; but it resembled most a lion roaring. "Hark, hark," said Guy, "I am almost affrighted at this strange uncouth noise. Heraud, let us straight take horse, that we may be prepared for all events: I never heard a sound that scared me more in all my life. I will go seek it out. It comes from yonder way: some monster, some devil makes this noise, for it is no human voice, for certain." So forth he rides, and underneath a hill he finds a dragon fighting with a lion. "O! this is princely sport indeed," said Guy; "fight on, that I may see who gets the day, and then I will set upon the conqueror." The dragon winds his crooked knotted tail about the lion's legs, to throw him down; but then the lion fastened on his scales, and nimbly did avoid the fall intended him. Then both with the utmost fury bite and tear, and so maintain a long and bloody fight. At last the lion fainted, turns aside, and looks about, as if he would be gone. "Nay, then," quoth Guy, "lion, I will take thy part, and execute my vengeance on this dragon." With that courageously to work he goes, and with the dragon carries on the fight, giving him blows with all his might and strength, and yet cannot penetrate his scaly sides. The monstrous beast displays his flaggy wings, and with most dreadful yelling at him comes; whose very looks might

make a man afraid, so terrible seemed his devouring jaws; wide, gaping, grisly, like the mouth of hell; more terrible than pen or tongue can utter; his blazing eyes burning like living fire; and from his gorge sulphureous smoke he belched; aloft his speckled crest he mounted, higher than Guy could reach at length of weapon's stroke. Thus in most ireful mood he bore himself, crying as loud as watery billows roar. And then his mortal sting he stretched out, exceeding far the sharpest point of steel; then turns and winds his scaly tail about the horse's legs: with that, Guy hews upon him with his blade, and laid on him three men's strength at every stroke; one fatal blow he gave him in his side, from whence did issue streams of swarthy blood; the sword had made the passage wide and broad, so that like a flood the gore overspread the ground, which made the dragon turn to have forsook him. "Nay, then," quoth Guy, "thou hast not long to live, I see thou faintest, and ready art to fall." Then did he give him such a parting blow, that down the dragon came unto the ground; roaring and bellowing at such a rate, that the hideous sound did more affright the conqueror than did his fighting with him; so he rides away, and lets the monster lie. But looking back, he espies, behind his *horse, the* rescued lion following at his heels,

which made Guy alight to engage with him likewise. But when the beast beheld his weapon drawn, he fawned upon him like a spaniel dog; and like that grateful lion which did save Andronicus, for pulling out a thorn, when by the laws he was condemned to be devoured by beasts upon the amphitheatre, the lion came, remembering his old kindness, and fawned upon him, and licked him, very kindly bearing, it seems, an old good turn in mind. Just so this grateful lion dealt with him, for the same benefit which he had done, by saving him from the fierce and poisonous dragon. For though a lion is by nature cruel, as being a ravenous and devouring beast, yet, like a spaniel, he by his horse did run, and till he did again embark, stayed with him.

But the wind serving in a little time, Guy and his friend embarked again, and so pursued their voyage, and in Almain arrived in a short time; and there, according to his worth and merit, was entertained by the emperor, who bid him kindly welcome into Christendom, and entertained him with a tournament, with kingly banquets, and with princely reveling; all striving to behold that mighty man, of whose great actions fame so loudly spoke; and of whose wondrous acts they had heard so much, and thought they could not do him too much honour.

But, taking leave of the emperor and the rest, he travels to his old friend the Duke of Lovain, whom he had a particular respect for, and did above all others long to see. But, ere unto his journey's end he came, he met with an adventure by the way, and set a worthy wronged lady free, who forcibly was taken from her love, and he at the point of death, left sorely wounded. Of which take this following account.

The noble Terrey, a right valiant earl, with his dear love, sirnamed *Osile the Fair* (his precious and inestimable jewel), to take the air into the forest went, wherein a plot was laid to take away his life, that so another might enjoy his love. And on a sudden sixteen villains came upon the earl and sadly wounded him: "Sirrah," said one, "thou hast a wench we claim; she must go with us; lie upon the ground, and if thou livest till thou canst see a passenger, beg him to make a grave to bury thee." Guy, finding Terrey in this wretched case, and hearing how his wife was ravished from him, administered what comfort he was able. He with the loss of blood looked pale and wan, and almost ready was to die indeed. "Come, courage, noble earl," said Guy to him; "I will do my best to fetch thy love again, or else say, Guy is but a boasting coward." When *Terrey* heard the mention of that name, he straight

revived, for of his worthy deeds fame had before sufficiently acquainted him. Then striving to arise from off the ground, he did his best endeavour to embrace him: "Thanks, gracious Heaven," quoth he, "with soul and heart, for sending such a man to right my wrongs."—"Which is the way," said Guy, "those villains went?" "The path by yonder oak," said woful Terrey: "I will follow them," said Guy, "and, by my knighthood, I will make each man come off by weeping cross." Scarce had he spoke, before he heard a shriek, which Terrey knew to be the fair Osile's. Away rid Guy, and, by that sound directed, he quickly found the barbarous villains out. Coming to them, "Wretched slaves," quoth he, "what is your design with this fair lady here? Enlarge her presently, and set her free. You have done wrongs which you must dearly pay for: her husband wounded, and she used with violence, are crimes which all your lives can scarce atone for." With that they laughed, and said, "What fool is this, or rather madman, in his desperate mood, that fain by wilful death would get a name, and have the world report he hath been kind? Some frantic fit this fellow is surely in, that means to fight thus without fear or wit."—"If it be so," quoth Guy, "that fit is now on me, and you shall find it will *be a raging* one." With that, Sir Guy,

knitting his angry brow, bid the fair lady cease her pensive moans, for you shall from these villains' hands be freed. Then, with a courage admirably bold, at every blow some one or other dies; which when the lady saw, she straight cried out: "O pity, worthy knight, these mortal wounds. It is a sight I can no longer bear; be not so bloody in revenging me. Upon my knees, I humbly do entreat thee, for it is to me a terrifying sight. O! with their lives thou takest mine away. If one more do die, my soul will faint and leave me. Thou worthily my honour hast defended, and hast enough revenged all my wrongs."

"Lady," said Guy, "at your request I cease. Depart, base rascals, all but two be gone."—"But, villains," said he to the two remaining, "it was you that did this virtuous lady bind," and thereupon he gave each such a blow, having his sword put up within its scabbard, that to the ground they fell immediately. Then, rising from the ground, they thus excused it: "My lord, we did it to preserve her for your honour's use."

Then on his steed he let the lady ride, to seek her lord, whom she distressed left; and Guy became her guide unto the place; where, when they came, they found him dressed already; for in *their absence* there came by a hermit, which to

his bleeding wounds did salve apply. Now Terrey and Osile abound in joy, and gratefully to Guy do all things give. "Be thou," said they, "renowned in life and death, whom while we live and breathe we will always honour."

"Nay, here's my hand," quoth Terrey, "worthy Guy,
To fight for thee, I will be proud to die."

CHAP. X.

HOW GUY AND HERAUD TRAVELED WITH EARL TERREY AND HEARING HIS FATHER WAS BESIEGED BY DUKE OTTON, WENT TO RELIEVE HIM; AND HOW GUY KILLED DUKE OTTON IN SINGLE COMBAT, AND RAISED THE SIEGE

THE light had now surrendered its dominion, and darkness ruled in all the lower world, when Earl Terrey, Guy, and fair Osile, wanting a guide through the unfrequented woods, heard the affrighting noise, on every side, of savage beasts that thirst for human blood. On every side a watchful eye they cast, lest on a sudden they should be surprised. At length they did espy two armed men, who listened to those cries as well as they, each having in his hand his naked sword. But, as they came nearer, Guy quickly knew the one of them was his dear friend Sir Heraud, and the other was as dear a friend of Terrey's, who by embracing did their gladness show. And when the earl demanded of his cousin, what brought him to that lonely desert place? "My lord," said he, "I have unpleasing news, which yet in duty I am bound to tell: thy noble father is at this time besieged in his strong castle

by Duke Otton's power, who hath protested by a solemn vow, that he about his ears will pull it down. And in revenge that thou hast got his love, he swears thy father's life shall not escape."

"His love!" quoth Terrey, "speak, my fair Osile, acquaint this worthy man with thy soul's thought. Did I persuade thee ever to break thy faith, or been an instigator unto aught that is unrighteous in the sight of Heaven?" "Never," said she; "thou hast been truly just in all thy words, and all thy actions too: that wretch, indeed, pretended that he loved me, and would have forced my love away from thee. But to my dying day I will be thine: thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live; and when I alter this determination, may I be held accursed by God and man."

"Spoke like a virtuous lady," Guy replied; "be ever constant, and thou needest not fear: nothing can lay a blemish on thy honour, whilst thou on love's foundation firmly standest. It is for love, I range the world about, and every hour expose my life to dangers, and though an unknown stranger, am Love's exile. But wherefore, Terrey, are thy looks so sad? Thou hast thy love in person to embrace; but mine, alas! is far off as England, and for some years I have not seen her face."

" My lord," said Terrey, " know you not m grief, and heard this messenger relate the cause My father is in distress, and wants some succou and I should be a rebel to the laws of nature, n to sympathize with him, making his trouble a ju cause of sorrow."

" If that be all," said Guy, " thou art to blan to spend so much as one poor sigh thereon. M name is enough to terrify Duke Otton. Let hi but hear I come, and he will be gone. Som thing that passed between us is the reason of i in France he felt my sword, but did not like Since that, he laid a plot against my life by v lains that surprised me in a wood; which tre chery with vengeance I repaid: and who ev knew a traitor's end prove good? A curse always the concomitant of base and wicked a tions, in which the actors will be sure to suff as did Perillus first in his brazen bull. I will with thee to relieve thy father; for the oppress I have vowed to right. And reason now dc much more strongly move it, since mine o wrongs urge me as well as thine. Therefore w speed let us hasten to the place, preventing m chief ere it run too far. Take time by the fo lock, for he is bald behind, and good proves b when it is soonest done. Go then, with filial j

like brave Æneas, and fetch thine old Anchises out of Troy."

"Courageous knight," quoth Terrey, "thy bold heart, I do perceive, can with no fear be daunted: thou art composed of Mars's element, and made of powerful limbs, to manage arms; my melancholy thou hast banished quite, and with strong hope armed me instead of it."

This said, in haste away they post themselves, and in a short time came unto the castle where proud Duke Otton and all his forces lay, relying much upon his well paid soldiers: but when his captains of Guy's coming knew, they fled by night, and never bid farewell. This was discouragement unto the soldiers, to find their captains had deserted them. But yet Duke Otton solemnly protested, though each man in the castle were a Guy, he would not basely quit his enterprise; "For though life is dear," said he, "yet honour is dearer."

"Terrey," quoth Guy, "we must not now be tedious. For my experience oft hath been my tutor, and taught me, that when an advantage offers, and gives me an occasion to begin, the enemy's own fear subdues himself, to which our force being added soon completes our victory. We will not make our prison in this place, as long as there is field room to be got. And since

the duke has no respect for me, it is my desire alone to combat him. But if you will not leave this castle here, I will leave you all, and go myself alone." And with these words, Heraud and he were going to depart, which, when the castle soldiers did perceive, giving a shout, said they, "Thou art our general, and wheresoever thou goest we will follow thee: thy honourable steps we will not leave, let fortune use us as she pleases."

Thus, full of courage, they all march along, giving the onset, fearless of their enemies, making those multitudes that seemed invincible to fly before their brave victorious foes, leaving the most part slaughtered in the field. But when the duke beheld his flying soldiers, "Perish," said he, "base villains! here I will die! Where is this Englishman that haunts my coast, and thus pursueth me from place to place? I challenge him to leave the army, and meet me face to face, that we may have an end of all old grudges."

"Agreed," quoth Guy, "proud foe, I give consent. Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear; for thou hast lived to see thy honour lost, which worthy men do hold most dear of all things. The noble minded brand that man with shame, that lets his name and honour die *before him.*" Then they towards each other did

approach, and with great violence they lances broke; which being done, they took their swords in hand, and fought until they had spent great store of blood; for envy did the duke's keen weapon whet, and on Guy's sword revenge did set an edge. At length, through loss of blood, the duke fell down, and dying cried, " Farewell, vain world, farewell: by fortune's angry frown I am betrayed; by sad experience now, I tell the world there is nothing constant that the earth contains; death brings the proudest monarchs to their graves, and lays them level with the humblest swain. Bewitching vanities seduce and blind us; and greatness only tends to make us proud, making our sad catastrophe the greater. There is no peace like to a happy ending: my dying hour yields more repenting grace than in my life I ever could attain to." His immortal soul did with these words depart, and left the breathless body where it dwelt, while woful passions did Guy's heart afflict, now wishing Otton were again alive (for true humility still shows compassion, to see the afflicted overborne with woes). Guy sheathed his sword, and said, " Remain thou there, until on England's happy shore I land: for love of Phælice I will shed no more blood; I have from her been too long away: now I will return my wages to receive."

Then mourning over poor Duke Otton's fate, he gave his breathless body to his friends; and then he to the castle back returned, accompanied by Heraud his true friend; where with great joy they were received of all, especially by Terrey and Osile, and the old earl their father, as those that had by much the greater interest in what Guy's martial prowess had achieved. But after he had staid two days to rest himself, being almost tired with their extreme kindness, Heraud and he took leave, and so departed, carrying their prayers and their good wishes with them.

Thus to be doing good was still Guy's lot;
Others the profit, he the honour got.
Where'er he came, he set the' oppressed free,
And to the prisoners he gave liberty:
But was the scourge of wicked tyrants still,
Not sparing those whom he found doing ill.

CHAP. XI.

HOW GUY AND HERAUD, AFTER HAVING PARTED FROM EARL TERREY, MET WITH A MONSTROUS BOAR, WHICH GUY KILLED: HOW HE WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE DUKE OF LOVAIN AND LORRAIN, AND AFTERWARDS RETURNED INTO ENGLAND: HOW HE KILLED A DREADFUL DRAGON IN NORTHUMBERLAND, AND OF THE HONOUR DONE HIM BY THE KING, AND HIS RECEPTION BY FAIR PHÆLICE.

GUY and his friend having thus taken their leave of Terrey and the fair Osile, as we have already said, bending their course towards their native land, resolved to see Duke Lovain in their way. But as they rode through a desert place, dark and obscured by the thick shady trees, which hardly would admit the sun to enter; they on a sudden met the hugest boar that ever mortal eye had yet beheld: "Although," said Guy to Heraud, "I intended to draw my sword no more till I saw England, and laid it down at my fair Phælice's feet, yet such a monster is sufficient warrant to draw it once again, lest it should live to be a plague to all the country near it. And, therefore, private keep thyself at a distance, and give me leave to encounter it alone." This said, away went Guy, and met the boar as he

was hastening to him full of rage, which Guy perceiving, stood upon his guard, that so he might avoid his dreadful tusks; then on his swinish head so hard he laid, that dead he left him who had many slain, for from that wood scarce any man came back, which was the cause it was so unfrequented. The monster being dead, Guy cut his head off, huge as it was, and put it on his spear and carried it unto Duke Lovain's court. The very monster's head appeared so terrible, it frighted people as they rode along, although they then were sure it could not hurt them.

Guy being come into Duke Lovain's court, did there present him with the monster's head, which had destroyed so many of his subjects.

"Guy," said the duke, "I have had large experience of your great kindness and your love to me: and this last valiant act that you have done, in killing this prodigious monstrous boar, which has of late made such exceeding havoc of my subjects, and of all passengers that came that way, surpasses all the rest, and makes me still much more indebted to you." But to declare the welcome that he gave him with all his warlike trumpets, drums, and clarions, and all his nobles coming to congratulate Guy's safe return, with *all the entertainments* that were made him; and

how the Duke of Lorraine too came thither, on notice given of Guy's arrival there, that so he might embrace that matchless man, of whom fame had such wondrous things declared; I say, should I relate all this at large, it would swell this little book into a volume. Suffice it therefore here to let you know, Guy so much longed to be with his fair Phælice, that he was weary of the honours done him, and begged they would let him now return to England; which, after having treated him ten days, they did consent to, and forthwith ordered one of their best ships to be new rigged and fitted up for Guy to sail to England in; and then accompanying him to the seaside, "Go," said the dukes, "and prosper, thou brave Englishman, the most renowned worthy of the world: thrice happy is the land that gave thee birth, and much more happy is thy fairest Phælice, who must embrace the hero in her arms: may victory attend upon thy side, and may thy brows be with fresh laurels crowned."

Guy having given them his hearty thanks for all the undeserved honours paid him, straight hoisted sail, and, having a fair wind, in four days' time arrived on English ground; the noise of which soon reached King Athelstan, who then at York his royal palace kept: thither, being commanded by the king, he forthwith went to pay his duty

and allegiance to him. The king received them (for Heraud was with Guy wherever he went) with so much joy and goodness that nothing could be more; welcoming them with such kind of words as these:

"Welcome to me, renowned martial man my princely love upon you I bestow; I in your fortunate success rejoice, for fame has loudly told us all your story. Guy, thou hast laid a heavy hand, I hear, on Pagan infidels, and with thy sword hast sent them home to the dark vaults where unbelievers dwell. Devouring beasts thou also hast destroyed, which have the terror been of human creatures: yet, worthy man, I think thou never didst slay, of all those monsters terrible and wild, a creature that is more cruel than there is one that at this day destroys whatever he meets, no farther off than is Northumberland, which is a dreadful dragon that haunts there. I speak not this to animate thee on, and hazard thy life at setting foot on shore; for divers have endeavoured to destroy this wicked beast, and perished in the attempt. No, Guy, I speak only to show thy happiness, which has exceeded that of other men, by freeing of them from their fears and dangers."

"Dread lord," said Guy, "as I am an English *knight, faithful* to God, and loyal to my king, I

am resolved to go and see this dragon, and try whether my sword cannot work upon him; for I already have a dragon killed, with whom a lion first I found engaged, and whom he had also like to have overcome; but heaven my arm so strengthened that I soon overcame his power, and so I will do this." Then, taking his humble leave, away he rides unto Northumberland to find the dragon, having a dozen knights to be his guides, who brought him where the dragon kept his den, feasting himself with nought but human flesh: "Now it is enough," said Guy, "do you stand off, and give me leave to find this hydra's head. He that has fed so much on human flesh shall never more devour a man again; but, gentlemen, if here you please to stay, you of our battle may spectator be."

Then going to the cave, the dragon espied him, and forth he starts with lofty speckled breast, of form most dreadful; which when Guy beheld, into its rest he forthwith puts his lance, then spurs his horse, and to the dragon makes, encountering each the other with such fury as shook the very ground under them. Then Guy recoils and turns about his horse, and comes upon him with redoubled might: the dragon meets him with resistless force, and, like a reed, bit his strong lance in two. "Nay, then," said

Guy, " if you are good at biting, I have a tool to pick your teeth withal;" and drew his never failing flaming sword, and on him fell, with furious blows so fierce that many wide and bloody wounds he made. At which the dragon yawned, like hell's wide mouth, roaring aloud with a most hideous noise, and with his claws he rent and tore the ground. Impatient of the smart he underwent, he with his wings would raise his body up, but Guy, with a bold stroke, so cooled his courage that to distend his wings he wanted strength; and, with a few strokes more, Guy brought him down upon the ground, all wallowing in his blood, and from his mouth a fiery flake proceeded whilst Guy with all his might was severing his monstrous head from his more monstrous body; which when he had done, " Now, bloody fiend," said he, " thou hast thy deserved recompence for all the human blood which thou hast shed. And now upon this broken piece of spear unto the king I will bear thy monstrous head, which will by him, I am sure, be well accepted."

The joyful knights then went and took a view of that same fearful creature without fear, which was indeed of strange and ugly hue; all wondering how it was possible to escape those teeth and claws so dreadful, sharp, and long. And *when they* had fixed the head upon a spear, and

took measure of the body's length unto the king, who had removed his court from York to Lincoln, they repair with speed where he with some impatience waited their return; who in his arms embraced the warlike Guy, congratulating him on his victory: then, looking on the dragon's fearful head, "Heaven shield," said he, "and save me from all harm! Why, here is a face may well outface the devil. What staring eyes of burning glass be these, that might, alive, two flaming beacons seem! What scales of harness arm the crooked nose! and teeth more strong and sharp than those of steel! And also that gaping mouth and forked tongue may, even dead, make all the living fear, but more rejoice that thou hast overcome it. Victorious knight, thy actions we admire, and place thee highly in our royal favour: throughout the spacious orb thy fame shall spread more lofty than the *primum mobile*. To the succeeding age of the world thy victories shall be transmitted down; for I will have the monster's picture drawn on cloth of Arras, curiously wrought, which I in Warwick Castle will have placed, there to remain, and tell to after ages that worthy Guy, a man of matchless strength, and equal courage, destroyed a dragon thirty foot in length. And on this castle wall we will place

his head, there to remain till length of time consume it. And, nobles all, make a triumphant festival, and give our knight the honour that he merits."

While thus at Lincoln Guy was entertained and feasted by the king in royal manner, he one day took an opportunity to tell the king the cause of his adventures, and that he did it for the love of Phælice, Earl Roband's only daughter; and then besought his royal majesty to intercede for him unto the earl, who yet knew nothing of their loves; and that he would give consent unto their marriage.

The king assured him that he would not only use his interest with the earl her father, to obtain his consent, but would himself honour their nuptials with his royal presence; with which Guy was well pleased, and humbly thanked his majesty.

Now all Guy's thoughts were taken up with Phælice, to whom he was preparing to be gone; but Phælice hearing that he was at Lincoln, and how he had been in Northumberland, and killed a dragon there, began to be impatient at his stay. And thereupon she came herself to Lincoln, and happily surprised her Guy as he was ready to depart for Warwick: with Juno's kind embrace,

and Venus's kiss, Phælice embraced her long expected lover; and Guy returned it with that eagerness, which in the wars of Mars he used to show, glad that he now has Phælice in his arms: but after the first transports were a little over, Phælice, to chide her lover, thus begins: "Forgetful love, and too, too slow," said she, "I fear thou didst not mind the honest friend: What! seek a dragon ere thou lookest for me! and hazard life, yet neither come nor send to know if I remained in happy state. Some jealous woman would, perhaps, suppose she had been slighted, but I have no such thoughts; not but I wish, I must confess indeed, I had been the first that thou hadst seen on shore; but thou art welcome to thy Phælice now, and shalt no more unto the wars go forth, but lie within my peaceful arms at home. No, thou hast fought, my dear, too much already. For war's stern face has stole thy smiles away; but love will change thy countenance again, and make thy looks such as I saw them first, when I first chose and gave my heart to thee."

"Ah, Phælice!" Guy replied to her again, "what toils have I gone through for love of thee! and canst thou doubt that ever Guy should slight thee? No, first the sun shall cease to give

us light, and all the stars shall leave their shining orbs, before one thought shall wander from my Phælice. I have learned the art of war enough already, now in Love's school I will take new lessons out, and doubt not but to be a good proficient in that more easy and delightful exercise. I have already made a friend, my Phælice, whose powerful intercession to thy father shall gain me his consent to marry thee; and when I tell thee it is the king himself, I doubt not but you will be of my opinion."

"His intercession," Phælice then replied, "will be, no doubt, effectual with my father; but I believe your merits are so great, you will have no need of any intercessor; for I am sure my father speaks of you as one for whom he has the utmost value."

"Why then," said Guy, and smiled, "let us to Warwick, a place I love the best in all the world, because it is the place that brought up thee, and there I first was with thy beauty blessed. I love the castle and the castle ground, for there, my Phælice, thy face I first saw. Let us haste, my love, to that delightful seat, and seal those vows we have to each other made; I long, methinks, at church to say these words, *I Guy take Phælice to my wedded wife;* and to hear

immediate reply, *And I take Guy to be my wedded husband.*"

To which Phælice, with an air that showed how well she was pleased, made reply:

" Though now our satisfaction's very great,
Yet until then our joys can't be complete;
There's pleasure in the ways that to it tend,
But Hymen's joys must always crown the end."

CHAP. XII.

HOW GUY AND PHÆLICE WERE MARRIED; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR SPLENDID WEDDING: HOW GUY SOON AFTER VOWED A PILGRIMAGE, AND TRAVELED INTO THE HOLY LAND, ETC.

Guy and fair Phælice having both agreed with speed to consummate their mutual joys, and tie that knot at Hymen's sacred temple, that only death can loose, first went to wait upon the king and queen, and humbly to invite them to their wedding, which they agreed on such a day: then took their leaves, and thence repaired to Warwick. Earl Roband had received letters from the king, letting him know that Guy was then in England, and that for love of his fair beauteous daughter he had undertook the dreadful toils of war; and was coming now to Warwick to ask his consent, and then to celebrate his nuptials there. Earl Roband, overjoyed at this good news, immediately went forth to meet his new elected son-in-law.

Guy, seeing that the earl was coming towards *him, alighted* from his horse, and low on the

ground he bowed himself, but the good earl soon raised him with his hand, and tenderly embraced him in his arms, with all the expression of true love and friendship. Guy then informed him of his love to Phælice, begging his pardon for his great presumption, and humbly asking his consent to marry her: to whom Earl Roband made this kind reply: "My daughter, worthy Guy, I freely give thee, nor is there any thing on this side heaven I have more desired than such a husband for her; that, when in the annals of succeeding ages thy wondrous story shall at large be told, my daughter may be mentioned as thy wife, and that Earl Roband also was her father; and that from thee, and from my daughter Phælice, so numerous an issue may proceed as may in time fill all the world with heroes." Guy humbly thanked him for his consent, and told him, "The greatest honour he could boast of was to have such an earl to be his father, and such a lady for his wife as Phælice."

Then Phælice being called, was asked if she was willing to have Guy to be her husband: who, with a virgin blush, declared her satisfaction. The next thing now was the happy day in which their nuptials were to be consummated.

And now the long expected day is come, in which these lovers must complete their happi-

ness; and all the honours Hymen can dispense, he freely gives to grace the wedding feast, for royal Athelstan and his fair queen, to grace this nuptial, in their pomp appeared: the nobles likewise, in their richest robes, with worthy knights and gentlemen, besides ladies of honour, strive to outvie each other in honouring valiant Guy and his fair bride. There wanted nothing that could be procured to please the eye, or to content the mind; masks, midnight revels, tilts, and tournaments, with stately shows, and acting ancient stories, and banquets proper for such royal guests. The tables were with such great plenty stored that neither fish nor flesh was wanting; and bowls of nectar crowned their entertainment. Nor was the choicest music wanting there, while healths were drank to the fair bridegroom.

Ten days this wedding feast was celebrated, and the country round the better for it, for good Earl Roband never forgat the poor, and then the king and queen, wishing all health and happiness to the new married couple, and the good earl, that had so nobly treated them, returned again to Lincoln.

But as our lives are made of chequer work, and joy and mourning take their several turns, so this great joy was quickly after shadowed with a *black cloud of* sorrow; for hardly had the incon-

stant queen of night took her nocturnal ramble through the heavens (which journey usually she makes in eight and twenty days, or thereabouts), but good Earl Roband (Phælice's worthy father) resigns this life for immortality, and unto Guy bequeaths his whole estate; which filled them both with an unusual grief, in losing both a father and a friend. By his death, Guy became Earl of Warwick, confirmed therein by royal Athelstan; and all his land and lordships now are his, and he declared a nobleman of England.

But, ah! how small a satisfaction it is that all the honours of the world can give us! For now Earl Guy, reflecting on past actions, can find no comfort in the sad reflection: he sees those things that gave him his renown were vain and wicked in the sight of Heaven. Oft would he sit and meditate alone, on those vain steps that his rash youth had trod; then to himself with groans and grievous sighs would he cry out, "O, pardon me, just Heaven! I have done nothing yet thy grace to purchase, but spent my time about a woman's face; for beauty I have shed a world of blood, hating all others for one mortal creature. How many days have I wasted for a wife, but for my sins never spent one weeping hour! It is now high time repentance to begin:

henceforth the remnant of my days I will spend in contrite sorrow for my former sins, that Heaven may pardon all the erring ways whereby fond flesh and blood deceived me. Unto the world I will now go learn to die, let me be censured for it as men list; I will please my Maker in whatever I can: ambitious pride hath been my youth's disease: I will teach age meekness ere my glass be run, and bid farewell to honour, wealth, and beauty; I will go through hell itself to purchase heaven."

Phælice, perceiving he was melancholy, unto him came, and with him thus discoursed. "My dearest lord, why are you so changed of late? Let me, as in your joys I share, so likewise in your sorrows bear a part. If I have in any thing offended you, let me know it, and I will instantly confess my fault, and make you satisfaction."

"No, my dear love," said Guy, "it is not with thee, it is with myself that I am discontented. By the light of grace, I see the faults of nature: I am dead in sin, although I seem alive. Phælice, my sins, my countless sins appear; crying, 'Repent, and clear thy guilty conscience.' I must deal with thee as Bavarus (a Prince of Rome) dealt with Sygunda his wife, who, from a *deep impression* that he felt, solemnly vowed per-

petual chastity. Entreating thee, even as thou lovest my soul, not to dissuade me from what I have done: hast thou not heard what Ethelfride did (a Christian woman), some time England's queen, who, once with child, did from her husband's bed absent herself for ever? And canst not thou, the phœnix of the realm, by imitation win immortal praise, leaving thy pure and spotless chastity to be admired by succeeding ages? I know thou canst; the greater part is divine, and will the soul's advantage much prefer. Thou didst procure, although I did excuse it, my pride, by conquests to obtain thy love. Heaven gave me valour, but I did abuse it; my heart and thoughts were too much elevated: I thought the crowns of kings were things inferior, and hardly worth accepting: but now I all such follies do contemn, resolving to become another man, and travel for the welfare of my soul; not as before, upon my horse in armour, but in a gown of gray, a palmer's weed, obscure my journey; for no leave I will take, but only leave my endless love to thee: here is my ring, receive this small memorial, and wear the same, to make thee think on me: let me have thine, which for thy sake I will keep, till with his cold hand death shall close my eyes."

When Phælice heard this strange surprising

tale, judge, you that can, how much she wru her hands, how much she sighed, how ma tears she shed, yet wondrous meekly, contradi ing nothing: for the devotion of that age w such, those were thought blessed who retir themselves, and whined away their days in sc tude, leaving the world and its bewitching va ties.

And now he throws away his princely clothir wherein he glittered with almost that splendc wherein the noonday sun to us appears: now best habit was a homespun gray, such as e ploys the poor plain country people; a staff, scrip, and in his hat a scollop shell, not to known, nor in the least admired: and thus, w pensive heart and doleful tears, he leaves sw England, and his fairest Phælice, who in her fa a map of sorrow wears: all sad and mourn was her countenance, for she to all delight h bid farewell, since she from her beloved lc was parted thus.

Guy journeys on towards the Holy Land, wh Jerusalem's fair city stood, in which our Saviou head was crowned with thorns, without wh gate he shed for us his blood: to see sepulchre was his design, the tomb that Jose unto Jesus lent; with tedious miles he tired *weary feet*, and through vast deserts passec

thousand dangers. And, whilst he thus pursuing was his way, he happened to meet with a most woful wight, a man that was no stranger unto sorrow, for he had fifteen sons that were all captives, in slavish bondage and the extremest misery kept by a merciless and monstrous giant: which pressed their wretched father with that grief, that he was almost worn away to nothing; and being past all hopes to find relief, thus to himself bewailed his sad condition:

"Unhappy man, yea, thrice unhappy I, who court in vain the last of remedies: in vain I seek for death, which flies me still, though nothing else can ease the woes I feel! Ah! cruel tyrant, that of all my sons couldst not afford me one to comfort me, and with his hands to close my dying eyes! But out, alas! were they but happy there, I cared not, though I never saw them more! But oh, to think upon their miseries pierces my heart more than a thousand swords! And that which pierces deepest to my heart is this one thought, there they must still remain, and suffer without hope of remedy: this cutting thought is more than I can bear, and therefore thus I will end my wretched life." And as he spoke these words, he drew his sword, with an intent to sheath it in his bowels. But Guy, that listened to his sad complaint, stepped in in time,

and happily prevented him. "Hold, father," said he, "yield not to despair; for you may live to see your sons at liberty: I have heard your sad complaint, and Heaven has sent me just in the nick of time to right your wrongs."

The melancholy man was much surprised to see a stranger in that lonely place; then, looking steadfastly upon him, said, "Alas, poor pilgrim, I am beholden to thee, that to allay my cruel miseries wouldst flatter me to hope, when there is no room for it: my wrongs are grown so great they are past righting; and death alone is that which must relieve me."—"O, say not so," said Guy, "though I am a pilgrim, thou dost not know the strength that is in these arms, especially when Heaven invigorates them to fight in a just cause. Let me but know where thy sons are in captivity, and leave the rest to me."

"Know then, kind pilgrim," said the unhappy man, "since you have a mind to understand my misery, that in yon castle, made impregnable as well by art as nature, there dwells one Amarat, of monstrous size, that is from the race of ancient giants sprung, who does support his great and bulky carcass only by feeding upon human flesh; and therefore seizes all that pass these woods, and, dead or living, bears them hence, into that *cursed sham*bles of destruction, making no differ-

ence of either sex, but this, that with the women he satisfies his lust, and with the men his hunger. My only daughter, unadvisedly, as her ill fortune sure enough would have it, passing this way, was taken by the monster: this stirred the anger of my fifteen sons, who were resolved to rescue their poor sister, but in the vain attempt were taken prisoners; yet, for their sister's sake, their lives are spared, though they endure a thousand deaths for one."

"Your case," said Guy, "is sad, and I must pity you; but I am resolved to try what I can do, if you will but trust me with your sword and armour, to kill the tyrant, and redeem your children."

"Most willingly," replied the hopeless man, "would I contribute unto their release, but am afraid you will rather fall yourself into the tyrant's clutches, than redeem those that are there already; but, however, my sword and armour at your service are; and may you meet with the success that is answerable to your matchless courage." "Well," said Guy to him, "stay you, and pray, and doubt not my success against the tyrant."

Guy hereupon went up straight to the castle, his thoughts being employed to think what way he had best take to get the tyrant out; not doubting then but to overcome him easily. So going to

the gate, he knocked thereat like one that would come in, and had some business of great consequence. The giant never was so roused before; for at his gate none used to knock so hard: he therefore takes his club and keys, and opening the gate goes out, staring about with watchful countenance: then seeing Guy, thus with disdain and anger he addresses him: "Sirrah," said he, "what business have you here? Have you a mind to feast the crows, and have your quarters hang upon these walls? For what else is it that you can expect? You might have heard that there is no ransom here for any one that falls into my clutches; but if you are ignorant, and know it not, this club that is in my hand shall teach you better."

Guy, nothing daunted with his bugbear words, replied again, "Why, how now! are you quarrelsome? You seem to be a very choleric person: but I have a weapon here shall match your club, and quickly bring you to a better temper." And so expecting no return again, he draws his sword, and with the same salutes him about the head, the shoulders, and sides, whilst his erected club did death proclaim; striding like a Colossus over the Hellespont: but on the ground in vain he spent his strokes, for Guy was much too nimble *for him still*; for, before he could heave his club

again, Guy would be sure to give him the other stroke, for Guy for that advantage always watched: at length, through thirst, the giant feeble grew, and said to Guy, "As thou art of human kind, give leave that nature's wants may be supplied, and let me go and drink in yonder place: thou canst not yield to a request more small than to grant life a draught of poor cold water." "I grant thee leave," quoth Guy; "go, drink thy fill; pledge both the savage boar and the dragon too; but never think again to drink cold water. Think, when thou drinkest, that now thou drinkest thy last." So to the spring he goes, and there his thirst he quenches with almost a tun of water. Guy was amazed to see him drink so much, and to the combat hastens him again: "Come, come," said he, "thou art long about thy liquor, thou wilt wrong the fish that in the river swim; but I will see they shall have satisfaction, for with thy blood their wants shall be supplied." "Villain," quoth Amarat (for that is the name by which this monstrous giant must be called), "I crush thee in an instant; thy life shall pay thy daring tongue's offence; this club (which is about a hundred weight) shall my commission be to send thee packing: for ravens' diet thou shalt soon be dressed; I'll break thy bones, as though they were but reeds." Incensed much by this bold

Pagan's brags, which worthy Guy no longer could endure, he spends his blows on those supporting posts, which like to columns did his body bear. The giant for those wounds in choler grew, and desperately at Guy he threw his club, which did directly light upon his body, and threw him by its weight upon the ground; and ere Guy could recover from his fall the giant got his club again in his fist, and struck at Guy another desperate blow; but missing Guy, stuck it fast into the ground. "Traitor," quoth Guy, "thy falsehood I will repay; this act, basely to spill my blood." Says Amarat, "Against an enemy there is nothing base: I will murder any way; could I but poison into thy nostrils blow, thou soon shouldst see I would dispatch thee by it."—"'Tis well," said Guy, "thou openest thy black thoughts; thy beastly bulk is sure the dwelling of the devils. They are thy tenants whilst thou livest here, but when thou comest to hell they will be thy landlords. Vile miscreant, prepare thee for that place, the just reward of such inhuman monsters. But breathe thyself a time, while I go drink; for flaming Phœbus, with his fiery eye, torments me so with heat, that I believe my thirst could scarce be quenched with an ocean. Thou knowest to thee I granted the *same kindness.*" Quoth Amarat, "Thou hast no

fool of me; no, silly wretch, I have more wit than so: by all my gods I do rejoice to find that thirst constrains thee now; for all the treasure that the world can boast of, one drop of water shall not cool thy veins. Relieve my foe! and unto my own wrong refresh my adversary! why this would be a madman's part indeed! if thou imaginest this, thou art a child. No, fellow, I have known the world too long to be so simple; now I know thy wants, I will not grant one minute's space of breathing." And with these words, heaving aloft his club into the air, he swings the same about, then rubs his temples, and his locks doth shake, and like the Cyclops in his pride he struts: "Sirrah," said he, "I heave a list to you, and the next blow I strike you will breathe your last; for with this stroke you shall for ever perish. Take thou no care for drink, for never more a draught of water shall come near thy lips, but with thy blood I will soon carouse full merry: here is at thee with a butcher's downright blow, for it is thy blood that must assuage my fury."

"Infernal, false, obdurate fiend," said Guy, "thou seemest an imp of cruelty from hell; ungrateful monster, since thou hadst denied that thing to me wherein I used thee well, I will with my sword take the more deep revenge on thy

accursed head, and quickly make thee shorter by so much. Now, thirst, farewell, I do disdain to drink, and therefore let the river keep its water, or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto, for with its pearly drops I will not meddle. Now, tyrant, know thy latest hour is come. For though perhaps you'll take the greeting ill, yet it is with a good will I give it you:" and thereupon he gave him such a blow as made the monster tumble on the ground. Then Guy set his foot upon the monster's breast, and from his shoulders did his head divide, which with a yawning mouth did widely gape; no dragon's jaws were ever larger seen, to open and to shut till life was gone: and then Guy took possession of the keys, and with them opened all the castle gates; where many woful captives he set free, that had been long in misery confined, and had been tortured with great cruelties: and when he of their miseries inquired, each told a tale which from his eyes drew tears, and which they could not tell without sad sighs at the remembrance of their barbarous usage. There tender ladies in dark dungeons lay that in this desert wood had been surprised; and every day no other diet had than flesh of human creatures for their food: some with their lovers' bodies had been fed, burying their husbands' bodies in their wombs.

Now Guy bethinks him of the oppressed knight, with whom he left his pilgrim's gown and staff, and of his captive sons imprisoned here; and blames himself that first of all he had not released the wronged brethren from their woes: then on he goes, and, as he searched about, he grievous cries and lamentations heard, which, as a clue, led him to the fatal place; where finding an obscure and darksome gate, all strongly covered over with plates of iron, he looked amongst his keys, and there found one that soon unlocked and gave him entrance there. He was no sooner entered but he beheld the strangest sight that ever his eyes had seen: men that had there by slow degrees been famished, and could but just be said to be alive, looking like pictures which the painters draw when to our eyes they death would represent: of these some by the thumbs were hanged up, some by the heels, and others by the middle. With diligence he takes them from the walls, telling them they were now at liberty; which happy sound revived their drooping spirits. Then Guy to the perplexed knight, their father, repairs, and tells him what success he had against the inhuman keeper of that castle; then bids him come, and there receive his sons: "Though poor and faint," said Guy, "yet they

are alive; accept of that, and seek to nourish them." The father's joy was scarce to be expressed; but when he saw what skeletons they were, how like the living images of death, he scarce had strength to outlive that wretched sight. And the glad sons, seeing themselves at liberty, and their poor aged father still alive, were at a loss how to express their thanks to him that had so generously delivered them.

Guy then unto their father gave the keys, saying, "This castle do I give to thee, where tyranny has dwelt so many years; let it be now a place where pious pilgrims and weary travellers may find refreshment. Those tender ladies that were prisoners here, let them be sent away with ease and safety where they desire, when they have strength to travel; and always see you use wronged women well. Men may revenge the wrongs that they receive, but women have no strength to right themselves."

The good old knight, surprised with joy and wonder, fell on the ground, and would have kissed Guy's feet. "Father," said Guy, "I pray forbear this homage; no honour is due to me for what I have done; it was a stronger arm than mine that did it, and unto him let all the praise be given. And now, I pray, exchange

with me again; take you your coat of mail, and your strong sword; give me my staff, and my poor palmer's weed, for to the Holy Land my course is bent.

Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
And now I'll mortify a sinful man."

CHAP. XIII.

HOW GUY'S DEPARTURE OUT OF ENGLAND IS TAKEN; HOW HE EMPLOYED HIS TIME IN HIS PILGRIMAGE; HOW PHÆLICE SPENT HER TIME IN HIS ABSENCE; AND HOW, IN HIS RETURN, HE ROUTED AMANTHUS'S ARMY, AND RESTORED HIS OLD FRIEND EARL TERREY TO HIS LORDSHIPS; AND AFTERWARDS RETURNED INTO ENGLAND UNKNOWN.

How Guy turned pilgrim we before have told: but now it will be necessary to say something of what was said, both by the king and the nobility, of his so strange and sudden a departure: which was no sooner known at court, but both the king and the nobility were struck with admiration that Guy, who had so famous been for deeds of chivalry, and had performed so many mighty acts, all for love of Phælice, should so soon leave his fair and beauteous spouse for a to some solitary life: yet was his piety commended highly, who set a greater value on his soul which by repentance he had refined from sin, than upon all the honour he had won, or glittering treasure that he was possessed of.

Now let us look on Guy, the man that seemed *to find out* quarrels for his recreation; who

his Phælice ranged the world about, delighting most in combats and alarms: but he, from his former mind estranged, shuns all occasions that may cause debate. In his own wrongs he vowed no blow to strike; nor injury, nor abuse should force him to it; for he his natural temper hath subdued, and taken patience by the hand for his guide, to lead his thoughts where meekness keeps her residence. No worldly joys can give his mind content: delights are gone, as though they never had been, and to repent is now his only care, for spending his youth in serving sin; in contrite sorrow now he will pass his age, that little time to come, which life shall borrow. Sad were his looks, and pale was his complexion, his diet of the meanest, hard and spare: like a religious man he led his life in a poor homely thin and threadbare habit; his dignities and honours were forgotten, nor did he the Warwick earldom now regard. Sometimes he would go and search into a grave, and there would find a rotten dead man's skull; and with the same would find a conference, examining at large each vanity, and then himself would answer for the head, as if the dead man answered for himself. "If thou hast been a monarch, where is thy crown? Or, who now stands in fear of thy stern looks?" "Death hath of my renown a conquest made, my

golden sceptre he has taken from me, and now it is wielded by another hand; and I am now become so poor a thing, my poorest subjects envy not my place." "Perhaps thou hast been some counsellor of state, whose potent wit a mighty reason did rule; where is the policy of late thou hadst?" "Consumed and gone, like to an idle dream! I have not so much wit as will suffice to kill these worms that thus infest my coffin." "Perhaps thou wast some beauteous lady's face, for whose dear sake some have done strange exploits, even such as (when the case was once my own) I, for my dearest Phælice, have performed. Perhaps there was a skin about this skull, fairer than that which Helen's was enclosed in; and on this scalp, bare and worm-eaten now, where nothing else is to be seen but bone, such yellow locks of hair were to be beheld, which for their beauty were esteemed like gold; and in those hollow caves two crystal eyes, and here such lips as love for kissing craves. But what is of all this beauty now become, so precious once in the esteem of men? By powerful death unto the dust it is turned, grown loathsome, filthy, and trodden under foot; and now there is only this poor picture left to tell the wise, All beauty is but vain." Such sad memorials he would oft prefer *of mortal* frailty and the force of death, to teach

the flesh how apt it is to mistake, and pass repentance off till it is too late: thus would he all things treat with such contempt that might seduce the soul from heavenly love.

Now for a while leave Guy to his own thoughts, and turn your eyes to another subject: to see new sorrows now look back to England; and to long absent years commit the other. Leave doleful Guy to cares and aged grief, and look how Phælice his poor lady fares; like to a widow all in black attire, she doth express her inward grief of heart. She of her chamber does a prison make, and unto sorrow wholly is inclined. She that was late the pride of the English court, with majesty will now consort no longer; but lives like one that despises life and being, and every day did die unto the world; seeing her folly with the eyes of judgment, and noting well how fast false pleasures fly, leaving more pain than they can cause delight. Her thoughts run after her departed lord, and are in motion swifter far than he. "Where is the place," said she, "can give him rest, that for his pilgrimage hath thus forsaken me? Lament, my soul, under the heavy burden, to think poor Guy remembers thee in tears. Methinks he by some river side is sitting, and swells the water with his weeping eyes: methinks he often cries out, 'Phælice, Phælice,'

and echo through the skies does carry it; then rising up, with might and main he runs, saying, 'Sweet echo, bring my love again.' Then comes he to a cypress tree, and says, 'Sylvanus, this was once the lovely boy whom thou didst praise for feature to the clouds, but here, alas! thy senseless joy is transformed; it is nothing now but tree, and boughs, and leaves, and made to wither as all beauties do.' And then, methinks, full sadly down he sits, and on his bended knees his elbow stays, with head on hand, saying, 'Farewell, vain honour, and all the pleasures of my youthful days; my true repentance has displaced you all; a happy end brings sinful souls to heaven.' Ah, worthy man! that thus canst mortify thy rebel flesh to conquer Adam's nature, and, that thou blessed eternity mightst gain, doth live on earth but as a stranger in it; dead, though alive; and new born, though grown old; true, valiant Guy, that hast overcome the devil. As thy advice was when thou didst go hence, that I a vestal virgin's life should live; although, when I was a maiden, by love's art thou didst persuade me to become a wife, I vow by heaven, and Him that reigns above, to keep my thoughts as truly chaste as thine: my beauty all I can I will obscure by doleful lamentations, sighs, and tears; and will by abstinence attain the way to over-

come the force of sin's temptations. This sentence very often I have read, 'A woman's chastity is virtue's queen.' Ceres and Bacchus I will shun with care; for they are virtue's foes and vice's friends, and oft to a licentious life do lead; but with sobriety I will still associate, and with spare diet take each day's repast: that soul thrives best that keeps the body bare. The courtly ornaments I wore of late in honour of King Athelstan's fair queen, even all those jewels and those robes of state, wherein to others I have appeared so glorious, shall with their pride and value now supply those naked poor that are about the streets; the gold and silver I am now possessed of shall all employed be about good works. The purchase of eternal happiness is of all wealth most precious unto me: all that in want repair to Warwick Castle, and crave relief, shall there be sure to find it. For the halt, lame, and blind, I will prepare an hospital, which shall be well endowed; and for the widow and the fatherless a special care I will be sure to take, that their necessities supplied may be; and that young beginners may have wherewithal their calling to set up, I will take care: and for repairing of decayed highways, that travellers may better pass the roads, is also what I will take care about. These things I reckon to be the

heavenly thrift, and laying treasure up where it cannot rust; dispensing of the riches we receive, as each good steward is enjoined to do; that after this short life is done, we may enjoy a life that is eternal. Farewell, vain world, of thee I take my leave, and of those things which thou dost most esteem; thy shows are snares, deceitful are thy hopes, and only through false mirrors seemest fair. O, that in such disguise I could but travel (as once the kind Sulpitia did contrive in banishment to see her Lentulus) attending on my Guy, wherever he be; or Hypsicratea like, in man's apparel, following her exiled king through love's desire: it would something ease my wounded heart of sorrow so to divide the burden which I bear, for where affection takes affliction's part in hard extremes, some comfort is expressed. And misery is more easy to abide when friends do with friends divide their crosses. But all in vain it is that I thus wish; it nought avails, my woe is still the same; though straying thoughts do wander here and there, my poor weak body must at home remain. Unto the Holy Land he is gone to travel, Heaven send me thither at my dying day. I will about my vows, and see them paid. The good that charity requires I will do, when grace persuades unto works of virtue, it is *blessedness* to further such desires; and while on

earth I do remain a sinner, I will strive to please my God by living well."

In this resolve each day she spent her life, performing all those things she had proposed, and showed so great severity therein that she became the wonder of her sex, who were amazed, and even quite confounded, to see a lady so high born, so rich, and which is more, so rare a beauty too, pouring contempt upon all worldly pleasures: for she was deaf to all her friends' persuasions, nor unto any would she lend an ear that mentioned company or recreation, or what she had determined sought to alter: but such as of compassion would discourse her, she would for blessed Jesus's sake relieve.

Meanwhile her wandering lord from land to land with weary steps repairs, to seek out places which pious pilgrims used to frequent; whilst age and grief, and mournful languishing, with silver hairs had crowned his hoary head, so that good Guy was changed exceedingly: for sorrow and sore travel gives a man a countenance more aged far than they who, with less cares, much longer time had lived; his old acquaintance in those foreign parts, that had his worthy actions seen before, and witness been of all his bold adventures, had lost Sir Guy, as one that had never lived: *those* that in armour knew his martial face

did never expect him in a friar's weed. Amongst the rest, to whom well known he had been, he met Earl Terrey, now a wandering exile, each unto other being grown strangers; through sorrow, which the senses oft deceive, they had forgot that ever they saw each other, though Guy and Terrey had sworn brothers been. But having to each other told their countries, and by what means they travellers became, and how one was a voluntary exile, but the other was constrained to be such: as they were parting with a kind adieu, "Oh, Englishman," said Terrey, with a sigh, "I once had a friend, thy countryman, who righted me in my extremest wrongs, and was a champion in the cause of virtue, and was to every tyrant a sworn foe, for on oppression's neck he would set his foot: tell me, dear friend, hast thou not heard of Guy, that had a hand to help, a sword to fight in the behalf of all that were oppressed?" "I have," said Guy, "and knew him many years, he is Earl of Warwick now, and peer of England: what is thy name?" "My name," quoth he, "is Terrey, greater by birth than now my fortune makes me." "Terrey," quoth Guy, "I vow I will do thee right in what I can; my poor good will esteem, for I too am a friend to the oppressed; and since thou lovest my friend, *thy friend I* will be. Direct me to the man that

is thy foe, I will take thy part as far as strength will go; if Guy himself were here to join with us, he could but say, I will venture life for friends; and be assured, though simple I appear, I have oft had as good success as he." Terrey with hearty thanks requites his love, then brings him to his foe, whom he defies, and with his adverse champion bravely fights, who by a mortal wound dies at his feet. Yet it was, it seems, a man of matchless worth, who for that combat they had singled out. When this was done, the earl demands his name; " Pardon," quoth Guy, " that were against my vow; to no man living I will my name reveal, for I have now both name and nature changed. Nature's corruption now my strife is to leave, and to receive a new regeneration.

Farewell, my friend, if we on earth don't meet,
In heaven hereafter we'll each other greet."

So he towards Judea's ground departs, to see Samaria and Galilee, places which Christian pilgrims much frequent, because their Saviour's choice was to be there. He to redeem our loss did suffer, even from the manger to the bloody cross. Much time Guy spent, and many years bestowed in traveling about from place to place, surveying each place in the Holy Land, that all

his friends in England now supposed that he among the living was no more, for from all pilgrims that had back returned, of noble Guy no tidings could be heard: this put the world to silence, men were mute, because of Guy they knew not what for to say: that dreadful champion that when in bright armour struck such a terror wheresoever he came, was neither known nor feared in simple gray; but did endeavour all that ever he could never to be known to any mortal wight: for unto none would he disclose his name, nor tell to what country he belonged: his noble thoughts in his own breast concealed, his chief design was to remain obscure:

Until by native love his mind was led,
To lay his bones where he at first was bred.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW GUY RETURNED TO ENGLAND, WHICH HE FOUND INVADED BY THE DANES; AND HOW HE UNDERTOOK TO FIGHT WITH COLBRON A DANISH GIANT, WHOM HE KILLED; UPON WHICH THE DANISH ARMY WAS OVERTHROWN, AND FORCED TO FLY THE LAND. AND HOW GUY AFTERWARDS TOOK HIMSELF TO A SOLITARY CAVE, WHERE HE LIVED UNKNOWN.

As the most bright and glorious shining day will have a night of darkness to succeed, in which the earth will be wrapped up in clouds, and all the world be clothed in sable weeds, presenting us with drowsy heavy sleep, to keep the thoughts of death in memory, so youth the day of nature's strength and beauty, which had a splendour like the eye of heaven, must yield to fate, by the great law of nature, when length of years shall bring life's evening on. This cogitation dwelt in Guy's sage breast, and made him, when he was in Palestine, think of returning to his native country. He found himself to be well struck in years, and that his glass had but few sands to run, before the close of his declining days; and therefore he to England comes at last, there to be buried where he had been born; for this was all the cause that drew him back, to end his days there.

where they first began: that his poor body a all his toils, which through the world no res place had found, in English ground at last m safely rest.

Being arrived upon his native shore, his cc try in extreme distress he found; for in e place great store of armed troops against the was got in readiness. The King of Denmarl destroy the realm a mighty army had secu landed, which with incredible destruction marcl laying the country waste, and burning towns, filling all the nation full of terror; which fo King Athelstan for his security, with his si forces, to retire to Winchester; which when Danes once knew, they thither away, and their warlike troops set down before it. that was far too strong for them to take; t walls of stone were then invincible, nor had cannon keys to let them in. The monk's in tion was not then found out, of murdering by wholesale with their gunpowder: a sol then that would attain to honour, by manly str could only purchase it.

Beholding now how oft they were repulsec those strong sallies that the English made, that they were not like to take the city, they a parley, and therein proposed that they v *willing* to decide their quarrel by single com

to save shedding blood, between a Dane and an Englishman; to which, when both sides had agreed, the Danes brought forth a mighty giant of a prodigious stature, demanding where the foxes all where hid; saying, "If there be one dare meet me here, that for his country will his valour show, let him come forth and try with me his manhood; or else the English are the worst of cowards. For craven cocks on their own dunghills will both crow and strike before they run and cry. Is English courage now become so low that none will fight? Are you so fearful grown? Then I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools, afraid to look upon a martial man. O what prodigious lies, in foreign lands, of these men's valour have I heard repeated! What great achievements have they oft performed, if lies be true? But they are sadly slandered; for in their feet their valour chiefly lies, for they with them can swiftly run away. They have an ancient proverb to instruct them, *That it is best sleeping in a whole skin.*" Thus did he vaunt in terms of high disdain; and threw down his gauntlet, saying, "There is my glove."

All this and more Guy unperceived had heard, and for his country's sake could bear no longer the insulting boast of this proud Danish monster: and therefore straightway goes unto the king, and

thus, in pilgrim's weeds, addresses him: "Dread Lord, though in this simple habit hid, this proud insulting foe I beg to combat; for though I seem unfit for what I ask, I never attempted aught but what I did: and therefore doubt not but to free your kingdom from the invasion of injurious Danes, by overcoming this their boasted champion."

To whom the royal Athelstan replied, "Palmer, thou seemest to be a man of courage; but I fear for Colbron thou art much too weak: ah! I remember once I had a champion, upon whose head my crown I would have ventured: but valiant Guy, alas! is now no more. Had he been here, I had not been thus distressed."

To which Guy thus replied, "Great Athelstan, trust me for once, for though I am unknown, it is a just cause in which I do engage; and Heaven does still both favour and succeed the just side. I cannot see one brave an English king, but, aged as I am, my blood is fired, and nothing but his head shall be to me satisfaction for the affront."

At which bold speech of Guy's the king was amazed; and, wondering at the greatness of his spirit, said, "Palmer, I accept thee for my champion, and thou alone shalt be the man on whom *I am resolved* to venture England's crown." And

thereupon ordered immediately that his own armour should be brought; which Guy, having received, soon put on; then girting his massy sword about him, came to the king, and of him took his leave; the king assuring him he did not doubt but Heaven, in whose great cause he was engaged now, would be his strong defence, and give him victory." "Amen," quoth Guy; and with great courage goes from Winchester's north gate unto Hide Mead, where he soon found that monster of a man, treading two yards of ground at every step.

"Art thou," the giant cried, "that mighty man on whom the king will venture England's crown? What, can he find for me no fitter match than this poor rascal in a threadbare coat? Where are all his worthy knights and champions now? A wretch so base as thou art I disdain."

"Giant," said Guy, "I matter not thy words, for hadst thou manhood, thus thou wouldst not rail, nor spend with blasts of empty wind thy breath. A soldier's weapon best his tale can tell. Thy destiny thou on my sword shall find, which, whilst thou hast drops to bleed, will let thee blood: and thus I to chastise thee will begin." And thereupon such blows he on him laid, that Colbron never had felt the like before; who with his club waited to meet his sword, in-

tending to have broke it with one blow. But Guy was well aware of his design, and by his own agility prevented him; and therefore boldly he about him laid, until the lubbard's breath was almost gone. For with a weighty club did Colebron fight, which missing of his blow, fell on the ground, and the very earth itself gave way, so ponderous were the strokes that he designed. So long they held this wrathful furious fight that the spectators knew not what to judge; though Guy on Colbron still fresh wounds bestowed, as a presage of his ensuing victory; and by his activity escaped the danger with which each blow of Colbron's threatened him. At last, quoth Colbron, "Englishman, forbear, and sue for mercy, ere I strike thee down." "Villain," quoth Guy, "thy coward's fear I scorn, I will have thy life, or it my own shall cost. We will never part till one be conqueror; the king hath ventured England on my head, and therefore I will not yield an inch to thee, for all the wrath that Denmark ere could boast: thou shalt find metal in these aged limbs; although thy body bulkier be than mine, I have a heart bigger than thine by odds. Think on thy ancient grandsire, Gogmagog, who was at Dover fought by Corinæus, and by that worthy Briton overcome, though he with *boldness like* to thine had challenged him; and

as he then was served, so shalt thou now." And thereupon Guy gave him such a stroke it made wide ruptures in the giant's flesh, and very much provoked his furious choler, laying about him with the utmost rage; meantime Guy managed both his parts so well, which was to lay on a load upon his foe, and save himself from his destructive blows, that he at length gave Colbron such a wound that on the earth he tumbled in his gore; whilst with his blood his soul departed hence, and in the sooty regions took fresh quarters.

Forthwith a shout from out of the town was heard, that made the welkin echo back the sound, which joyful was to every English heart, and brought as great a terror to the Danes, who with the utmost grief away departed.

King Athelstan then for his champion sent, to do him honour for this great exploit; who by the clergymen was first received with that solemnity his worth deserved; and next by all the nobles was embraced, and entertained with trumpets, drums, and other martial music. But Guy in these things took but little pleasure; refusing costly ornaments and jewels as things that he was out of love withal. To God he only gave the praise of all, blessing his name that thus had given him power to free his country from invading

foes: and so entreats that he unknown might pass, to live where poverty regards not wealth, and be beholden to the help of none, and there, by stealth, sometime to view the world; *for true content doth bring so great a treasure, it makes the beggar richer than the king.* "With true content will I abide," said he, "in homely cottage free from all resort: for I have found within a monarch's court content can never long be made to dwell. No, there is ambition, pride, and envy there, and fawning flattery stepping still between." "Yet, gentle palmer," said the king, "I pray that thou at least wilt so far honour me, wherever thou resolvest to abide, as to acquaint me with thy name in private, which is the only boon I ask of thee. Tell me but who thou art, I will ask no more, and on my royal word I will conceal it."

"Why then," said he, "if it may please your majesty, I am your subject, Guy of Warwick named, that have for many years not seen your land, but been where youth by age and travel is tamed: yet there, dread prince, experience taught me wit, and of the follies of the world convinced me. And now I am returned to make my grave within that kingdom which first gave me life. Yet shall no creature else have the least notice of *my arrival*; no, not my dear wife, till sickness

comes, such as does threaten death; then I will acquaint her of my last farewell."

The king thus having heard what Guy had said, went to him, and with joy in his arms embraced him, and with great admiration answers thus: "Most worthy earl, preserver of thy country, it grieves my soul thou wilt not live with me. O would thy resolutions were to make, that my persuasions might prevent thy vow! But it is too late, they are grown ripe, I see, and thou art fixed in thy determination. Well, worthy man, in this I joy, however, that to thy native soil thou bringest thy bones; where standing monuments of thy great deeds shall last unto the world's remotest ages. In Warwick Castle shall thy sword be lodged, to witness to the world what thou hast been. And lest the future age should grow neglectful in the preserving of thy memory, the castle keeper shall receive a salary, which I myself will straightways settle on him, to keep thy sword in memory of thee. Thy armour likewise, and thy martial spear, which did thee service in thy high designs, shall all be carefully preserved there; that all such men as have distrustful thoughts may think (if from a truth it did not spring) a king would scorn to cheat his people so. And in thy chapel (distant thence a mile) a bone shall hang of that devouring beast,

which did so long near Coventry remain, whose rib, by measure, was at least six foot, destroying many that did that way pass, until thy valiant arm the savage slew. By tradition it may down be handed, and unto those that thither come reported, this was Guy's armour, this his massy blade; these bones of murdering beasts which he overcame; and this the tomb wherein his corpse was safe deposited: this the true picture of his shape at length; and this the spear that of his strength did witness, for sure I hold it as a thing ungrateful (when thy remains shall mouldered be to dust) if none shall cause some muse to sing thy fame, and tell the worth of Guy, that English hero. Thy countrymen cannot so forgetful be, when out of sight to leave thee out of mind, when thou for them hast done such mighty things."

This said, in humble duty, wondrous meek, Guy, with a lowly reverence, left the king, to seek some solitary cave or den, which he unto his mansion house converted; and buried whilst alive he poorly lives, making his meat of wholesome herbs and roots. Sometimes he would repair to Warwick Castle, and crave an alms at his dear lady's hand; who to pilgrims did more bounty show than any lady in the land besides: *and she* would ask all palmers that came there if

they were ever in the Holy Land; or, if they in their travels had seen an Englishman, lord of that noble castle, who many years from hence had been away? "He was a knight that never was conquered yet by any human power: I only fear one cruel tyrant, who is called death; if he has met him, then, my dearest lord, I never shall behold thy face again, until that monster do as much for me, and so unite our hearts again together, which gracious Heaven grant: if Guy be dead, O let me on the earth no longer stay." Thus often did he hear his wife inquiring with deep complaints, from extreme passion flowing, yet by no means would grant her kind request, nor yet bestow one hopeful word of comfort; but yet would view her, as if his heart would break; then, to prevent his speaking, turn away; and so, even weeping, to his cell depart: there placing before his eyes a dead man's head; saying, "With thee I will shortly come to dwell, and therefore do despise this sinful flesh: my soul is weary of a guest so bad, and therefore doth at rest desire to be. My strength is from my feeble limbs departed, and sickness now begins to gripe my heart: my happiness is now apace approaching, and I am in hope my foe and I shall part. Long time, alas! I have fed this adversary, by

whom my soul hath been misled so oft. To n
dear Phælice I will send my ring, which I to ke
did promise for her sake. I now no longer w
the time defer, for fear lest death surprise n
unawares. Methinks I feel his messenger a
proach, and poor weak nature must be forced
yield."

Then called a herdsman as he passed by, a
said, "Good friend, one kindness I desire
thee, and hope thou wilt not deny it me, for it
a matter that concerns me highly: it is thou w
repair to Warwick Castle, and for the counte
ask with trusty care, and then into her hand th
ring deliver, and say the ancient pilgrim sent
her that lately at her gate with scrip did stand,
beg an alms in blessed Jesus's name. And if sh
ask thee where I may be found, direct her hithe
she will well reward thee."

"Sir," said the herdsman, "I shall be asham
who never yet spake to a lady in my life: b
sides, I may perhaps come into trouble, to car
rings to the Earl of Warwick's countess. A
then say I should lose it by the way, what wou
the countess or yourself say to me?"

"Prithee," said Guy, "frame no such fd
doubts, no prejudice can come to thee at all; th
thing is honest about which thou goest, and no

can call thee into question for it. A courteous ear the lady will thee give, and on my word you will receive no harm."

With that he goes and delivers the token to the countess; which she receiving, was presently with admiration struck. "O friend," said she, "where is my husband's being!"

"Husband!" said he, "I nothing know of that. It was from an ancient beggar I received the ring, whose house I cannot well describe; for it is neither made of wood nor stone, but under ground he went into a hole. And in my conscience there alone he dwells, and never pays his landlord quarter's rent."

"Ah! it is my Guy," said she; "show me his cell, and for thy pains I will very well reward thee." And then ordering her steward to give the messenger a hundred marks for bringing her those welcome tidings, she straight went with him to the lonely cave, in which her lord led such a solitary life; but he, espying her, as weak and feeble as he was, went forth to meet her, and there her lord and she embraced each other, and wept a while ere they could speak a word: and after a good space that they had been silent, Guy first the doors of silence thus did break:

"Phælice," said he, "now take thy leave of Guy, who sent to thee, ere his sight decays:

within thy arms I do entreat to die, and breathe my spirit hence from thy sweet soul. It is not long since to me thou gavest alms at Warwick's Castle gate; it is blessedness poor men's estate to pity. Look not so strange, my dear, lament not so. Ah! weep not, love, I do not want thy tears; for since my coming here I have plenty of tears of true remorse, conscience knows. Thou weepest not now, because I wept no more; but to behold me friendless, poor, and wretched. My love, I have sought the place that I desire, though few endeavour for eternal rest. The soul which unto heaven doth aspire, and only seeks after celestial things, must leave the world and all its fading joys, and all the vanities thereof detest: for could we see it with a spiritual eye, we should discern it full of nought but devils, that always lie in wait to ruin souls, and to that end are always laying baits to trap and ensnare them. O, Phælice! I have spent (and then he wept) youth, nature's day, upon the love of thee; and for my God have kept old rotten age, the night of nature: Christ, my sin forgive; sorrow for this lies heavy on my soul. O, blessed Saviour! pardon my misdeeds, in that I have destroyed so many men, even for one woman, to enjoy her love. And therefore in this solitary cave, with *God above* I sought my peace to make; against

whom I have been more misled by sin than all the hairs upon my head can number. The other day, finding my body ill, and all the parts thereof with pain oppressed, I did compose this will and testament to be the last I ever ordain. Lo, here it is, and, if I can, I will read it, before I cease to be a living man.

His Last Will and Testament.

"EVEN in the name of Him whose mighty power did heaven and earth and all things else create, as one that is this instant hour to die, I do with an unfeigned heart and mind leave both the world and every thing therein. My soul I give to Him that gave it me; receive it, Jesus, as in thee I trust. I owe a debt of life that is due to death, and when I have paid him he can ask no more. It is but a little breath, a very vapour, and I could wish he had it long ago. But here is my comfort, whensoever he comes, it is ready for him, though he calls to-day. I owe the world that stock of wealth it lent me when I at first began to traffic with it. Less would have given nature more content: the world leaves me naked, as I came into it; I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in. I do bequeath my numberless trans-

gressions, my sins and evils they that are so many; that they exceed the bounds of all arithmetic, those passed, those present, all that are to come, to him that made them loads to burden me; Satan, receive them, for from thee they came. I give good thoughts, and every virtuous action, that every grace hath guided me unto, to Him from whom proceedeth all that is good. For only evil I by nature do, being conceived, bred, and born in sin, and all my life has been most vile and vain. I give to sorrow all my sighs and tears, fetched from the bottom of a bleeding heart. I give to repentance, tears and watery eyes of a true convert, and unfeigned sighs. Let earth, or sea, a grave yield to my body: so Jesus to my soul grant room in heaven."

" Phælice, I faint, farewell my loyal spouse: thy husband dies, assist me with thy prayers: I trust to meet thee in a better life, where tears from weeping eyes shall be wiped before the blessed Spirit; come, in Jesus's name receive, and then convey my soul to heaven." With these last words death closed his eyes, and he to his Creator his blessed soul resigned, while mournful Phælice, well nigh dead with grief to sorrow *all her senses* did abandon, and with her tears

drowns her departed lord; beating her breast till breast and heart were sore, wringing her hands till she could no more strive. Then sighing said, "Ah, cruel, cruel death, the dismal doleful cause of all my sorrows, thou hast deprived me of my dearest lord. Since loathsome air my vital spirits draw, that thou, to recompense me for my loss, would strike that stroke which all my cares may kill: let me not see to-morrow's light, but make me cold as this dead carcass that before me lies; this true description of a mortal man;

Whose deeds of wonder, pass'd and gone before,
Hath left him now at death's dark prison door."

Kissing his face with a farewell of tears, she leaves the body for the grave to claim; and from that place she bears as sad a soul as any of her sex on that occasion was ever known to do; her real grief soon sending her to her departed lord: living but fifteen days after his death, and then, through extreme sorrow, followed him.

THEIR EPITAPH.

UNDER this marble pile there lies a knight,
Whose great achievements oft perform'd in fight
Has through earth's globe immortalized his name,
And given him a never dying fame;
For his great actions have perfumed the world,
Like incense upon sacred altars hurl'd.
To save his country he did his life expose,
'Gainst savage beasts, and far more savage foes;
And in the height of all his valour's pride,
He always fought upon the justest side.
Nor in his youth more famed for war was he,
Than in old age he was for piety;
In pilgrimage to Palestine he went,
Upon himself imposing banishment:
All earthly pleasure he for heaven forsook,
And to a pilgrim's life himself betook.
Now here he rests in peace, and by his side
The fairest dame that ever made a bride;
Who at so great a rate her lord did love
As none could equal but the bless'd above:
So bright their virtues were, when here alive,
Their names the world's great funeral shall survive.
All sure must know, by that which I have said,
That noble GUY and PHÆLICE here are laid.

AN OLD SONG

OF THE

VALIANT DEEDS OF CHIVALRY

ACHIEVED BY

The Noble Knight Sir Guy of Warwick.

Tune—*Was ever man, &c.*

WAS ever man for lady's sake,
So toss'd in love as I Sir Guy,
For Phælice fair, that lady bright,
As ever man beheld with eye;
She gave me leave myself to try
The valiant knight with shield and spear,
Ere that her love she would grant me,
Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold,
In deeds of arms, the doughty knight,
That every day in England was
With sword and spear, in field to fight:
An Englishman I was by birth,
In faith of Christ a Christian true,
The wicked laws of Infidels
I sought by power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty years and odd,
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When King Athelstan wore the crown,
I lived here upon the earth:
Sometimes I was of Warwick earl,
And as I said of very truth,
A lady's love did me constrain
To seek strange ventures in my youth.

To try my fame by feats of arms,
In strange and sundry heathen lands,
Where I achieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquest with my hands,
For first sail'd I to Normandy,
And there I stoutly won in fight
The Emperor's daughter of Almain,
From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas of Greece,
To help the emperor to his right,
Against the mighty Soldan's host
Of puissant persons for to fight;
Where I did slay of Saracens
And heathen Pagans many a man,
And slew the Soldan's cousin dear,
Who had to name doughty Colbron.

Etheldred, that famous knight,
To death likewise I did pursue;
And Almain, King of Tyre, also,
Most terrible in fight to view.

I went unto the Soldan's host,
Being thither on ambassage sent,
And brought away his head with me,
I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,
Which I also myself did slay,
As he a lion did pursue,
Most fiercely met me by the way.
From hence I pass'd the seas of Greece,
And came to Pavy Land aright,
Where I the Duke of Pavy kill'd,
His heinous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,
Towards fair Phælice, lady bright,
For love of whom I travel'd far,
To try my manhood and my might.
But when I had espoused her
I staid with her but forty days,
Ere that I left this lady fair,
And then I went beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy Land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake:
Where I Earl Jonas did redeem,
And all his sons, which were fifteen,
Who with the cruel Saracens
In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant,
In battle fiercely hand to hand,
And doughty Barknard killed I,
The mighty duke of that same land.
Then I to England came again,
And here with Colbron fell I fought,
An ugly giant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field
And slew him dead right valiantly;
Where I the land did then redeem
From Danish tribute utterly;
And afterwards I offer'd up
The use of weapon solemnly
At Winchester; whereas I fought
In sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor Forest I did slay
A boar of passing might and strength,
The like in England never was
For hugeness both in breadth and length:
Some of his bones in Warwick yet
Within the castle there do lie;
One of his shield bones to this day
Hangs in the city of Coventry.

On Dunsmore Heath I also slew
A monstrous wild and cruel beast,
Call'd the dun cow of Dunsmore Heath,
Which many people had oppress'd;

Some of her bones in Warwick yet,
Still for a monument do lie,
Which unto every looker's view
As wondrous strange they may espy.

And a fell dragon in that land
I also did in fight destroy,
Which did both man and beast oppress,
And all the country sore annoy:
And then to Warwick came again,
Like pilgrim poor, and was not known,
And there I lived an hermit's life,
A mile and more out of the town.

Where with my hand I hew'd a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone;
And lived like a palmer poor,
Within that cave myself alone;
And daily came to beg my food
Of Phælice, at my castle gate,
Not known unto my loving wife,
Who daily mourned for her mate.

Till at the last I fell sore sick,
Yea sick so sore that I must die,
I sent to her a ring of gold,
By which she knew me presently;
Then she repaired to the cave,
Before that I gave up the ghost,
Herself closed up my dying eyes,
My Phælice fair, whom I loved most.

Thus dreadful Death did me arrest,
To bring my corpse unto the grave,
And like a palmer died I,
Whereby I hope my soul to save:
My body in Warwick yet doth lie,
Though now it is consumed to mould,
My statue was engraved in stone,
This present day you may behold.

A

POEM

IN PRAISE OF THE FOREGOING HISTORY.

You that in warlike stories take delight,
Come see the noble deeds of Warwick's knight;
Whose worth with'n this history is placed,
Like diamonds, when they are in gold enchased.
Here you his armour, bruised with blows, may view,
His broken lance, and his great falchion too:
His valiant combats with his foes in field,
His sword, all bloody, and his batter'd shield.
How lovely in this dress he does appear,
Freeing distressed ladies from their fear!
His greatest foes he always made retire,
And those that saw him could not but admire:
His courage made the haughty Colbron yield,
And all the Danish army fly the field:
Nor only against men did he prevail,
For he would the most savage beasts assail;
Witness the monstrous cow on Dunsmore Heath,
Within whose bowels he his sword did sheathe:
Witness that dragon, whose envenom'd breath
Had almost like to' have been a lion's death,
Yet this fell beast, though pointed round with flame,
To Guy's bright sword a victim soon became.
And witness also that prodigious boar,
Which his resistless courage caused to roar;
This mighty monster having stricken dead,
He, as a trophy, carry'd off his head.

He in like manner served a dragon too,
Which in Northumberland he also slew.
Then, who can be compared to noble Guy?
Who with his blood his fame did always buy:
He ever was a stranger unto fear,
Delighting always in his sword and spear.
Here, reader, thou his wondrous acts mayst see,
And without danger a spectator be
Of all those dangers which he oft was in,
And by o'ercoming did his honour win.
And as thou read'st be this remember'd too,
He was an Englishman all this did do.
And yet our Guy had not so fierce a breast,
But dove could in his bosom take its rest;
For though he'd oft been wounded, yet he found
Fair Phælice gave to him the deepest wound.
Upon the whole, this I dare boldly write,
No man could better love nor better fight.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building